

The TATLER

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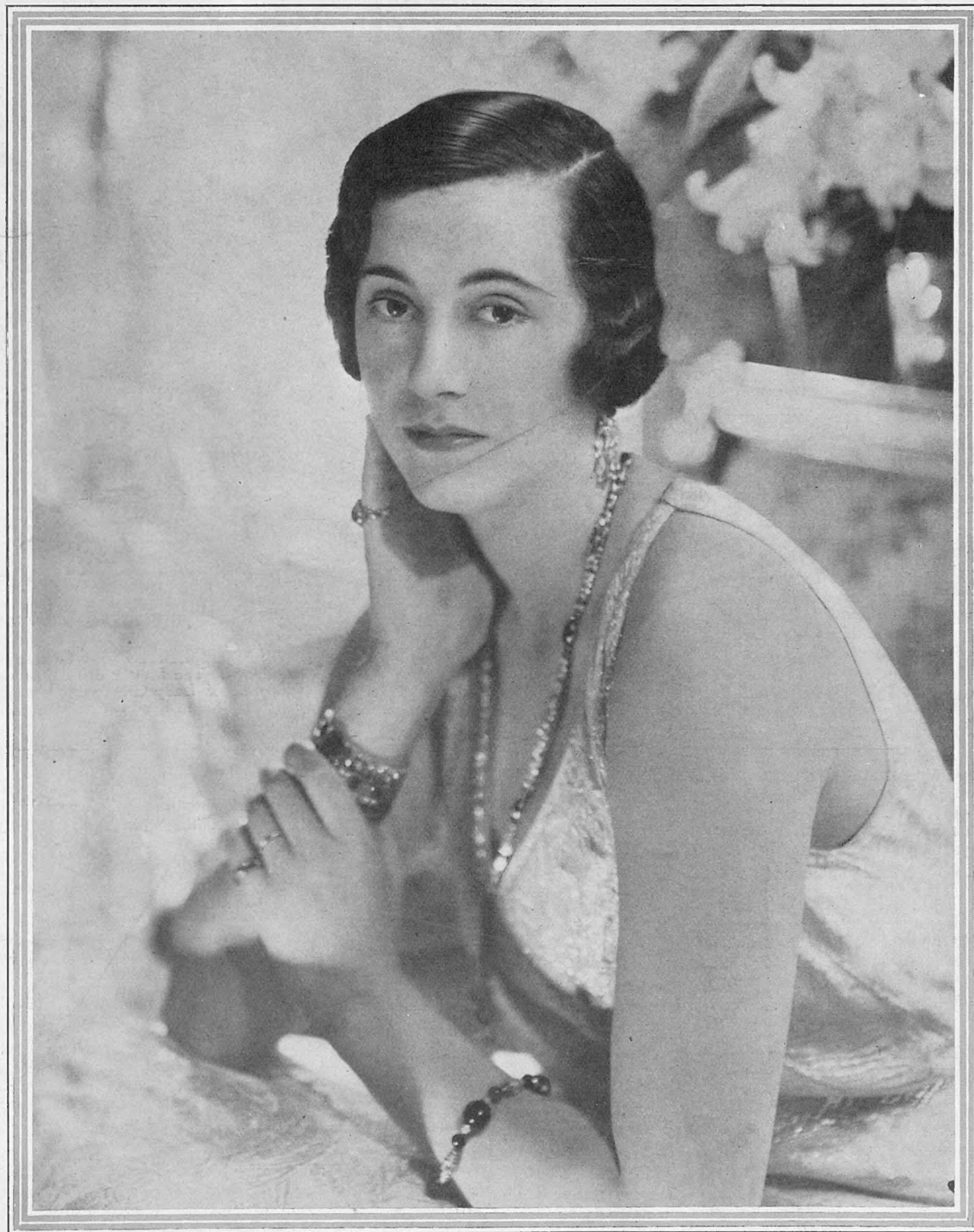
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The TATTLER

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Price One Shilling



Cecil Beaton

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

The most recent portrait which Her Grace has had taken. Before her marriage in February of this year the Duchess of Westminster was Miss Loelia Ponsonby, and she is the daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Ponsonby, Treasurer to H.M. the King and Keeper of the Privy Purse. The honeymoon, as may be recalled, was spent cruising in the Duke's yacht, "Cutty Sark," named after the famous old clipper

a-b



AFTER THE VINE HUNT BALL

Guy & Milligan

And all still full of beans and benevolence. A morning after the night before group at the Vine fixture at Silchester. The names, telling off from the left, are: Miss Steven, Mr. Leo West, Miss Craik, and Miss Garrard, the daughter of Mr. C. F. Garrard, one of the Joint Masters and the sister-in-law of the other Master, Mr. I. M. Hastings

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

A GOOD Christmas to you, my dear. May everything that you most desire occur to you. By now you will have battled with one side of the present problem. For what you are about to receive, may you be truly thankful; this is sometimes the more difficult task.

Captain Buckmaster's party at the May Fair for the Federation of Working Boys' Clubs, was the sort to turn every other "in-aid-of" organizer green with envy. It was a success from the word go. Or rather from the time that each of the 500 odd tickets had been sold and there was no possibility of getting any more. As for his collection of beauty and distinction, even a first-night audience of Mr. Cochran's paled into insignificance.

Almost the first people I saw were Lady Louis Mountbatten and the Marquise de Casa Maury, whose party included Lord Sefton. At a huge table in the middle of the second room were those attractive sisters, Mrs. Richard Norton and Lady Brownlow, one in black and the other in white, Lady Nunburnholme, the Maharanee of Cooch Behar, Lord Ivor Churchill, Major Metcalfe, who was able to give better news of his lovely wife, and Lord and Lady Stanley.

Other decorative persons to catch the eye were Mrs. James Beck who was with her brother, Mr. David Tennant and his wife, Lady Plunket,



MAJOR SEATON AND THE EARL OF HARRINGTON

Another Derby 'Chases snapshot in the fog. Major Seaton is the father of the present Lady Harrington. The late Earl, who was in the 15th Hussars, was killed out hunting with his own hounds. Lady Harrington is carrying on the pack herself

The Letters of Eve



AT DERBY 'CHASES: MRS. FAWCETT AND THE MASTER OF GRAY

The first day at Derby was wiped out by the fog, and the thaw left very heavy going behind it. The Master of Gray is the son and heir of Lady Gray, who is a peeress in her own right

in a very becoming dark-blue frock, Mrs. Ronnie Balfour, and Lady Carlisle who was wearing an intriguing gown consisting of flowing draperies and flying sleeves of white coming from under a black tunic.

Lady Castlerosse was at a table with her husband and the Robin D'Erlangers. Miss Peggy Hambro, Miss Jean Faudel-Phillips, and Miss Paddy Martin Smith were in a young party together, and dotted about in various parts I noticed Miss Lily Elsie, the Jim Hennessys, Lord Westmorland who has so obviously solved the problem of how to be happy in this world, Miss Dorothy Paget, Mrs. George Philipson, and the Geoffrey Gilbeys. There were dozens more, but the time has come to tell you about the three stars of the evening, Maurice Chevalier, Sophie Tucker, and Violet Loraine.

Maurice's reception was tremendous, and there was a kind of modesty in the way he took it which suggested that he wondered just how and why this wonderful and rather belated popularity had come about. He talked and fooled and made us laugh a lot, and sang some French songs with some preliminary descriptions which were even more amusing

than the songs themselves. Sophie Tucker followed on with some of the best in her repertoire, and then came Violet Loraine.

When you think of it, she really is amazing to be able, straight from the seclusion of Northumberland's country life, to make these brilliant one-night come-backs. The applause, both before and after those two War-time favourites, "The Gypsy

Warned Me" and "If I were the only Girl in the World" was quite deafening, and no one wanted her to stop.

Lord Stanley made a graceful and witty little speech to thank the artists for coming to entertain us, and earlier in the evening Colonel Campbell told us something about the boys in these clubs, for which a fat cheque will be forthcoming as a result of the party.

There was a



WITH THE SOUTH NOTTS: LADY CASTLEROSSE AND MR. TOM READETT-BAYLEY

On the day these hounds met at Holly Lodge, Oxtun, Major and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey's house, after the hunt ball. Mr. Tom Readett-Bayley, who is with the beautiful Lady Castlerosse, is Sir Dennis Readett-Bayley's son

union of the East and West under one roof on Thursday evening at the reception given by Lady Astor for Princes and Peers, the lump being leavened by a sprinkling of commoners. The spectacle presented a grand appearance. Many of the Princes came in native dress, looking rich and resplendent with a flourish of well-wound turbans round their heads; others adopted our dull form of evening dress. The Indian women were swathed in saris looking wistful and picturesque. Almost without exception they are small in stature and slight in build. As a form of female adornment I noticed a diamond stud flashing from a nostril—I wonder if London women will follow this fashion?

Lady Astor received the guests with her usual welcoming gaiety. As her compatriots would say, she is the true example of a "million-dollar personality girl!" Her daughter, Miss Wissie Astor, who has inherited her mother's untiring vitality and powers of entertaining, was to be seen dressed in white with a jade necklace and velvet shoes to match, talking to her numerous friends and introducing them to the Indian Princes.

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught had dined with Lady Astor for the occasion, the latter dressed in white satin. The Aga Khan came with his French wife whose cabochon emerald tiara suited her to perfection. The many eminent guests included Lord Reading, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Sir John Simon, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Thomas, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Lord Londonderry, Lord and Lady Winterton, Lady Oxford, Lady Salisbury, Lord and Lady Strathcona, Lady Hartington, Lord Grey, Lady Moyra Cavendish, Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck, Lady Spencer, Mrs. Robert Brand, Lady Davina Lytton, and quantities of others.



WITH THE "H.H.": LADY ROSEMARY AGAR AND MR. C. J. D. JEFFREYS

Their engagement was announced recently. Lady Rosemary Agar is the youngest of Lord and Lady Normanton's daughters. On this occasion the "H.H." had met at Blackmoor, near Petersfield

Peel after Peel of belles were evident at the dance in Belgrave Square given by Colonel Sidney and Lady Delia Peel for their niece, Miss Mary Peel, the house being lent by another uncle and aunt, Major George and Lady Agnes Peel. It was

a very original idea to have a debutante dance at this time of year, but proved its success by the obvious enjoyment of all the young visitors. By taking thought a lot of extra space was added to the house, as the verandahs back and front had been built in, heated, and lit.

The dinner-party which preceded the prancing included several of the most attractive people. Lady Rose McDonnell and Lady Dorothy Lygon were fair examples, and Mr. David Smith had been transferred *en bloc* with the rest of his brother's guests; for Lord and Lady Hambleton had asked some friends to dine before the dance but, on being summoned to the Duke and Duchess of York's, other arrangements were swiftly made. Also to be seen in the ball-room were Lady Joan Child-Villiers and Miss Alice Buchan; the latter is following in her father's footsteps, pen in hand, and will probably produce something good before long.

Miss Phyllis Russell, in black velvet, looked exceedingly nice. She was one of the people to whom the loan exhibition of miniatures owed its great



WITH THE FERNIE: CAPTAIN AND MRS. CHARLES EDMONSTONE AND A FRIEND

At the fixture at Foxton, which is near Harboro', Leicestershire, like the rest of the country, is as deep as a well and everyone is now hoping for better times after Christmas. Captain Charles Edmonstone is one of the two most popular Joists, the other one being Sir Harold Wernher



THE WOMEN'S NATIONAL LIBERAL BALL AT CLARIDGE'S

One of the supper tables at the recent Women's National Liberal Federation Ball at Claridge's, the group, as will be observed, including the lady member for Anglesey—Miss Megan Lloyd-George. The names are: Miss Megan Lloyd-George, Mr. Keir, Sir Archibald Sinclair (the Chief Liberal Whip), Mr. Phillip Guedalla, Lady Allendale, and Lady Sinclair. Lady Allendale is a sister of Sir Hugh Seely, Bt., Liberal Member for East Norfolk. Mr. Philip Guedalla, who is a very well-known author, was defeated for Rusholme at the last election

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

success, having worked untiringly before, during, and after the models were shown. Mr. David Rhys, whose description as "one of Lord Melchett's young men" is sufficiently glowing, contributed an illuminating mind which was particularly useful as the lights fused twice.

The year seems to be ending with the usual big crop of engagements to provide festivities in the shape of weddings for 1931. One which has created great interest is that of the Italian Ambassador, who is to marry Donna Diana Piercy in Rome next month. By way of celebrating the occasion, he gave a party a few nights ago at the Embassy, here in the Square. His passion for flowers is well known, and notwithstanding the month of the year, he contrived to have the house as full of them as even he could wish.

The Ambassador is also a great lover of music, and a pretty good pianist himself, so that he has much in common with his future wife, who has a most lovely voice. The other night Volterra, the pianist, was provided to play for us, and I thought his interpretations of Scarlatti and Debussy were quite marvellous. The younger generation was not present in very large numbers, owing, no doubt, to the fact that there were at least six hunt balls in various parts of the country that night. But among those to be seen in the crowded rooms were Sir Rennell Rodd, one of our former Ambassadors in Rome, and Lady Rodd, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson Bulkeley, Admiral Mark Kerr, whose two daughters are now both out in Florence, and Signora Straneo, who was Miss Nini Hart. She looked quite enchanting in the simplest of white frocks.

The respective sons of Sir John Simon, Sir Theodore Brinckman, and Mr. Athelstan Riley, are three other prospective bridegrooms. Mr. Riley, a very active and witty person, holds the picturesque title of Seigneur de la Trinité, an honour which is carried by certain estates in Jersey. It does not necessarily descend from father to son, but there is little doubt that it will in this case, for Major Riley is the eldest son, and his fiancée, Mrs. Robin, is the daughter of another Seigneur of Jersey, Mr. Lemprière, the Seigneur of Rozel.

Mrs. Arthur Brocklebank is another popular member of Mr. Riley's family, and her nice house in Sloane Street is the scene of much cheerful entertaining. She owns a crop of delightfully wavy hair and still answers to the *petit nom* of "Fluff," given to her when she was at Heathfield. Her youngest brother has been in Greenland since the early summer with other members of the expedition sent out to explore the country with a view to establishing aeroplane bases for the use of transatlantic fliers.

Talking of Heathfield, the news that Miss Wyatt has decided to relinquish supreme control of England's most famous girls' school makes one feel sad. Her large-heartedness, her wisdom, her complete understanding, her extraordinarily modern outlook coupled with great idealism, her enthusiasm, her tremendous sense of fun, have been such vital factors in Heathfield life that it seems impossible to imagine it dissociated from her.

A variety of little mental pictures take shape through the mists of memory; Miss Wyatt sweeping swiftly along, propelling four or five little girls under each arm; Miss Wyatt at Mark Reading, trying not to smile when a culprit gives in an order mark "for forgetting my bath"; a group round a fire and Miss Wyatt reading ghost stories; Miss Wyatt giving dustmen a happy day in the country; Miss Wyatt, only just recovered from a serious illness, receiving at a Heathfield dance in London and never hesitating as to which name belonged to which face. Truly a unique personality. Who can carry on her magnificent tradition? And echo answers "Who"?

I've seldom seen our usually stolid music-goers so moved to enthusiasm as they were after listening to Yehudi Menuhin at the Albert Hall. This amazing boy plays so exquisitely and has such mature musical understanding that it is difficult to realize

he is only thirteen. Even when bombarded by rapturous applause he remains gravely unmoved as if such manifestations concerned someone else rather than himself.

My second engagement on that Sunday afternoon was Miss Flora Lion's party, at which some of her newest pictures were on view. One was able to compare the portrait of Lady Sassoon with its original, who was there in person, and the representation of young Basil Brooke, Admiral and Mrs. Brooke's only son, also came in for unstinted admiration in which Mrs. Brooke joined.

Hector's Restaurant in Devonshire House opened last week with a flourish and a gala dinner. Very gay-making. Mrs. Richard Bethell has done the decorations and was there to see the good effect. She has chosen a very pale "shepherd's warning" pink, scrubbed, as the colour scheme, while clouded glass pillars provide part of the becoming lighting. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught brought a party, and others to be observed were Sir Robert Horne, Colonel and Mrs. Baxendale, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, Lady Demetriadi, and Colonel and Mrs. Moore-Brabazon. — Yours, EVE.



AT CHELMSFORD 'CHASES: LADY DUNWICH, MRS. WEST, AND LORD DUNWICH

Moderately fine weather—no fog—but going that was deep and holding was the lot of performers and gallery at Chelmsford. Lady Dunwich is the youngest daughter of Lady Arthur Grosvenor and the late Lord Arthur Grosvenor and married Lord Stradbroke's son and heir in 1929

NOW SHOWING



Stage Photo Co.

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES': MISS IRIS HOEY AND MR. GEORGE BARRAUD IN "THE QUEEN BEE"



Sasha

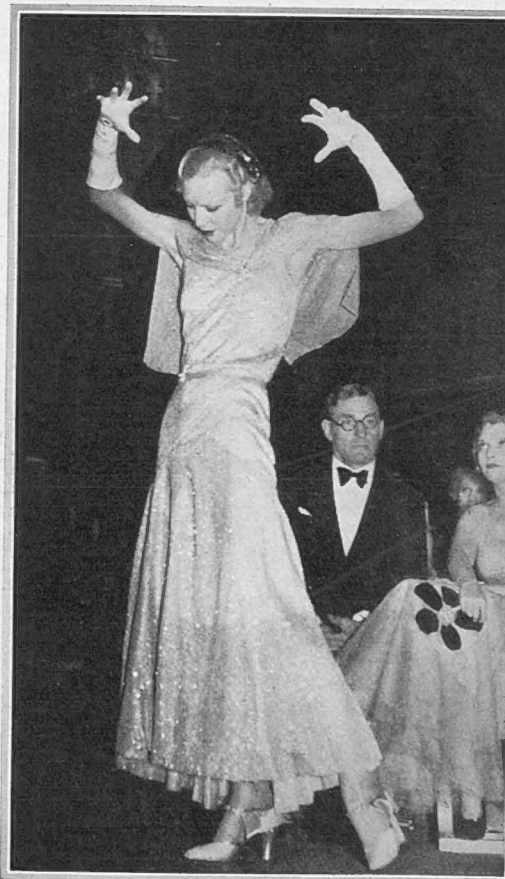
A FEATURE OF
"EVER GREEN"
ACROBATICS
AND CHITA



Stage Photo Co.

AT THE AMBASSADORS: MISS MARDA VANNE AND MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN IN "TO SEE OURSELVES"

A paean of praise for Chita's delicious acrobatic dancing in the latest Cochran success has already appeared in these pages. Miss Jean Barry also contributes to "Ever Green's" attractions and is seen here in one of the cabaret turns. "The Queen Bee" with Miss Hoey in the lead is doing brisk business at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. With "To See Ourselves" Miss E. M. Delafield makes her debut as a dramatist. Briefly, her quite charming comedy of country life concerns Freddie Allerton (Nicholas Hannen), a well meaning but unobservant husband, and Caroline (Marda Vanne), his wife, who possesses the imagination which he lacks, and attempts to stir him into self-expression. It is admirably acted



Sasha

MISS JEAN BARRY DANCING IN "EVER GREEN" AT THE ADELPHI

The Cinema : Concerning This and That

By JAMES AGATE

NEWS comes to hand of the erection of yet two more cinemas, in conjunction with the announcement of which I notice the extraordinary absence of the word "mammoth." The first is the Trocadero at the Elephant and Castle, which, one understands, is to be managed on strictly business lines. I say this with the greater confidence since, according to the latest information, "so great has been the demand for tickets for the opening night of the Trocadero, the 6,000 capacity theatre at the Elephant and Castle, that the directors have decided to abandon the idea of the usual 'guest night première' and sell every seat in the house." I note that a £15,000 organ will be mounted on a lift and turn-table. I can bear this. I note also that ear-phones will be fitted to many seats for the use of those who have defective hearing. At the moment I am indifferent to these, and for two reasons. First, I am not deaf, and second, if I were I should not use them.

But that which wildly excites me is the notification that there will be a fixture to each seat to take a gentleman's hat! Visiting recently one of our newest and most expensive cinemas, I was accosted by a velvet-breeched flunkey who demanded my hat almost with menaces. I did what the lawyers always advise one to do: I met his demand with a blank refusal. He smiled sardonically, but it was with a little flush of triumph that I mounted the staircase to the seven-and-sixpenny loge and under my seat deposited my hat which, by the way, was a brand-new bowler. That which I retrieved at the end of the performance was a battered ruin, for the seats of this theatre do not permit of a hat. Or this seat didn't. As I passed the flunkey on my way out he was mellifluously offering to relieve an elderly gentleman of a silk topper. . . .

The second new cinema is the Forum at Fulham, a happy example of alliteration as who should say the Ambidextrum at Ambleside, or the Byzantium at Billingsgate. The charming publicity-agent, who with her compliments forwards these items "for the favour of insertion," informs me that in a new film entitled *Too Many Cooks* will appear Mr. A. Bromley-Davenport "who will be well remembered for his excellent characterisations in silent pictures." This takes me back to a book I once read by Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, the mother of proud Norma, roguish Constance, and mouse-like Natalie. This good lady read her daughters' hearts while they were yet children as easily as a wider public was to read their faces. She realized when Norma was sitting at the dinner-table with far-away eyes and moving lips, not that her daughter was eating with her mouth open, but that she was memorising Shelley's *Ode to a Skylark*. Yet Norma you see, "despite her intensity, was essentially too much of the earth, earthy, ever to find happiness in religious seclusion." This was just as well since there might have been some difficulty in finding that commodity at Hollywood. After expatiating upon this in connection with her daughters, Mrs. Talmadge generously admitted that "in the non-celluloid world" things might be different. Presumably the

film publicity-agent lives entirely in the celluloid world, or is invited by his or her employer so to do. Be that as it may, Mr. Bromley-Davenport will certainly *not* be remembered by me for anything in connection with the films whatever. Mr. Bromley-Davenport as a young man appeared in the original cast of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. He also created one of the leading parts in *His Excellency the Governor*, and was one of the most distinguished comedy and character actors on the English stage ten years before the films were invented, twenty years before they became seeable, and thirty years before anybody could listen to them. I am also informed that Mr. George Bealby is "already well known for his screen-villainy." Actually, Mr. Bealby first made his appearance on the stage thirty-one years ago. He married Mabel, the brilliantly-clever and much-lamented sister of Aubrey Beardsley. These things are the common knowledge of the non-celluloid world,

though of course wholly unknown to film fans.

I further read that the management of the Regal Theatre has decided to put on for Christmas "a family show with a special appeal to the children." May I here make an appeal on behalf of the kiddies of this country, an appeal based upon what I myself felt about Christmas entertainment as soon as I had arrived at the mature age of seven? Up to that age I do not think it matters much what children see, or whether they like it or not! But at seven one has faculties about one, or some of them, with an inkling of others that are to follow. Let me say firmly that at seven the only Christmas entertainments I could at all put up with were those of the excessively adult kind. I even remember when I was eight objecting to my parents taking

dress circle seats for the pantomime because I had realized the year before how much more enviable the stalls were in their nearer approach to those fairies, genii, village maidens, and other hours of the lamp-black eyelashes and blue eyelids. For several years well-meaning neighbours took me not to the grown-up pantomime but to those dull, sexless, and practically-fashioned entertainments which even then elderly æsthetes with lilac minds were devising for the edification of their own horrid brood. I have the distinctest recollection of the loathing with which I regarded these kindergarten excesses, and at twelve years of age I struck! An elderly lady insisting that I should see a child's play entitled *Froggy Would a-Wooing Go*, containing no principal-boy, carol-singers instead of a chorus, and a comedian who even then was known to be unfunny, I said firmly that about four o'clock I proposed to be sick. Let me therefore implore the management of the Regal to present the children with a film in which a blonde American nitwit declines a yacht moored to a pier in Florida with ropes of pearls because her heart is chained to a French dago with a gift for Negro spirituals masquerading as a waiter in one of Harlem's selector brothels. The children may not know quite what this means, though at twelve one child of my acquaintance would have had an idea.



JEANETTE MACDONALD AND REGINALD DENNY IN "OH FOR A MAN!"

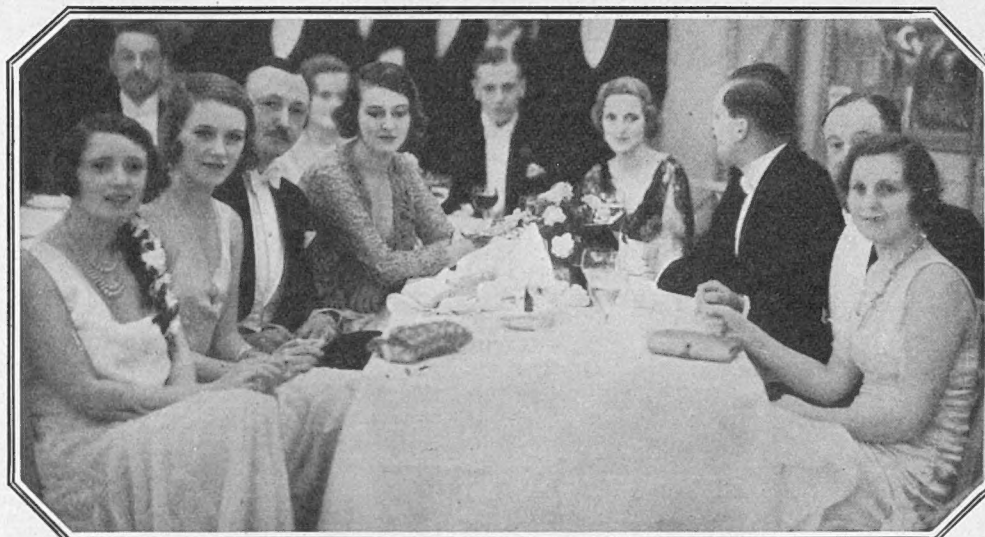
The new all-talking film to be presented at the Capitol on Boxing Day. Jeanette Macdonald made a definite hit when she appeared in "The Love Parade" with Maurice Chevalier. Reginald Denny is an Englishman, and was at one time Mrs. Pat Campbell's leading man, but then was claimed by the films in America



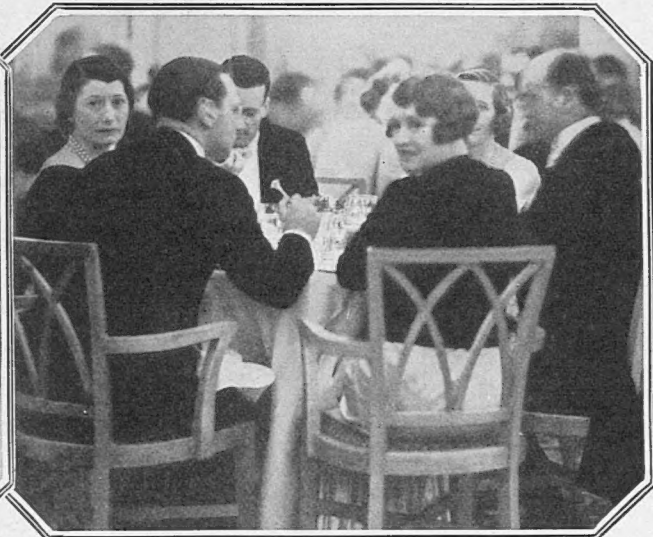
MR. AND MRS. JIM HENNESSY AND
MR. AND MRS. DAVID HENEAGE



MISS SOPHIE TUCKER, MAURICE CHEVALIER,
AND MISS BEATRICE LILLIE IN GOOD FORM



SUPPER FOR SEVERAL: A GROUP INCLUDING MISS NELLIE TAYLOR, MISS NORA
SWINBURNE, LADY ASHLEY, MR. AND MRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL, AND MR. G. ROWAN



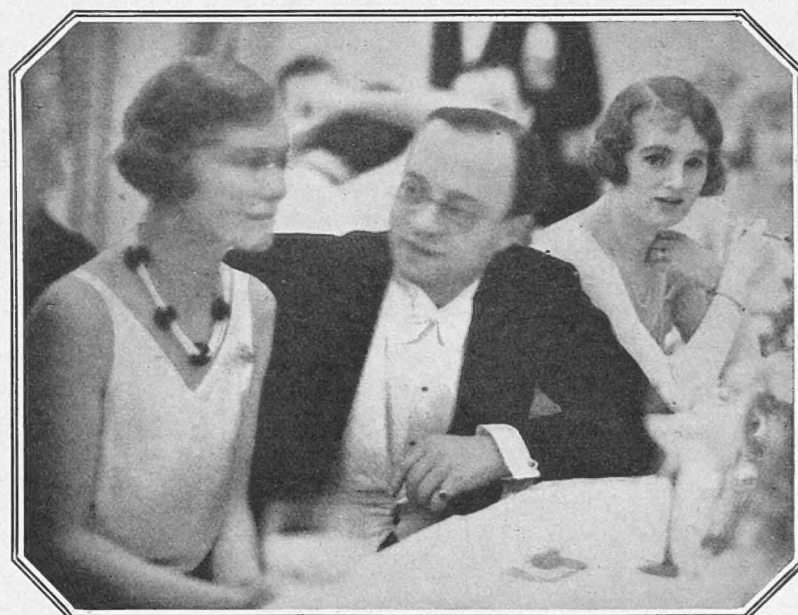
LADY CARLISLE (left) WITH MR. PETER KOCH DE
GOOREYND, MRS. STANLEY, AND LORD CARLISLE



LORD NUNBURNHOLME AND MISS DUNN

MIRTH IN MAY FAIR

Thanks to Cap-
tain Buckmaster.
A First Rate
Party in Aid
of East End
Working Boys



MISS MOLLIE TOWLE, MR. HENSON, AND MISS ELSA MACFARLANE

Everyone who went to the party organized by Captain Buckmaster at the May Fair Hotel agreed that it was superlatively good, in fact one of the best of recent times. The dinner was excellent, and in spite of the huge numbers present there was no waiting, at least not by the guests. For the special entertainment of the assembled company three stars shone, these being M. Maurice Chevalier, Miss Sophie Tucker, and Miss Violet Loraine, who were each greeted with deafening applause. The result of it all was a goodly sum for the Federation of Working Boys Clubs in which Captain Buckmaster takes a constant interest. Being a Sunday night a strong detachment of stage personalities was able to be present, Mr. Leslie Henson and Miss Beatrice Lillie being in outstandingly good spirits. Mrs. Archie Campbell is Sir Guy Campbell's daughter-in-law, and Mr. James Hennessy is Sir George Hennessy's elder son. His wife was formerly Miss Angela Duggan



WITH THE HEYTHROP: MISS OSMONDA HASTINGS AND LADY CAMBRIDGE

At the meet at Adlestrop House, Stow on the Wold, after the Hunt Ball. Miss Hastings and Lady Cambridge are sisters and daughters of the Hon. Osmond Hastings

From Leicestershire

The earlier part of the week's hunting was again very moderate, to put it mildly, and Thursday was quite the most repulsive day on record. Luffenham golf links is not a bad place to ride round cub-hunting on a fine day, but with a gale of sleet it was decided by a plebiscite of the half-dozen sportsmen to be definitely "not on" and hounds went home.

On Friday the Quorn met at Thimble Hall, the day being chiefly remarkable for the fact that for once there was no fog or rain and also for the appearance of three of the controversial blue collars for women, one astride, one side saddle in a bowler, and one in a silk hat.

Introduced a few years ago and discarded again, it would seem a pity in a pack of such ancient standing, but it does no actual harm and presumably hounds will run just as far and fast as before, which is all that really concerns the rest of us. It was not understood why the gentleman approached the double flight of rails sideways at a walk. Friends testified that he seemed perfectly normal that morning, had no financial embarrassments, and not an enemy in the world. The jury exonerated the horse and suggested a rider should be added.

Scent improved in the evening, and from Botany Bay hounds ran fast into the Fernie country near Skeffington, thus slightly getting their own back for the Thursday invasion of the week before.

From the Belvoir

Wednesday was unhuntable from fog but the week ended brilliantly on the Friday and Saturday. From Harby Covert for ten minutes or so there was a regular Belvoir burst, but the fox unfortunately turned back and found his way to the pits or what-nots round Langar. A Kaye Wood fox eventually found his way in the same direction and the evening finished up with ten glorious minutes from Hose Thorns to Sherbrookes which the fox did not enter, but leaving it on his left he was headed by a shepherd and hounds were stopped just over the Hickling road pointing towards The Curate. Seldom has the Vale been so wet, but mercifully it did not ride holding, or no horse could have gone far in it. An awful-looking fall for one of our fairest, but though quite unrecognizable and miserable

From the Shires and Provinces

from mud and wet she was unhurt. Another hair-raising ender taken by a gentleman may have been caused by putting the cart right before the horse wrong or vice versa. He wasn't hurt either and anyway, sailors don't care.

Our representative is exclusively and unofficially informed that the most satisfactory arrangements have been made for carrying on these hounds next season, and with the continuity, which is such a *sine qua non*, they should continue to show the same grand sport.

From the Beaufort

Monday from Sutton Benger was a poorish day, with snow in the air. Scent was very moderate and got worse as the day went on. By Tuesday morning the snow had arrived, but not enough to prevent hounds going on at the usual time. The roads were very tricky, and those who hadn't horse-boxes experienced a rough passage to the meet at Cherington. Master gave them a little law at the meet, and we moved off about 11.30. It was a very "slippery sliding" road to our first draw, a little practice for our "slippery sliding" spinsters. We rather think one of them decided not to experience this little preliminary canter. However, we soon found at Ryelands and had a good hound hunt, and Master ought to be congratulated on the many good casts he made. We eventually lost our fox in the V.W.H. country. Poor Frankie had a nasty fall on the flat, but we are glad to hear that he escaped with only a severe shaking. He will have to pay a visit to Lock's. The afternoon hunt from George's Gorse was great fun, and over the cream of our Tuesday country. Hounds were stopped near Upton owing to darkness after a fast hunt of forty-five minutes.

On Wednesday hounds couldn't hunt owing to frost and fog, but they were able to keep their fixture at Compton Bassett where the going was very deep, but they hunted well all day.

On Friday at Codrington Village a very small field turned out, and sport was again very moderate. On Saturday the meet at Badminton Station was a busy day for all concerned. They found an outlier near Littleton, and were running continually the whole day. Everybody was glad to see the Squire of Draycot out again, and glad to hear his lady wife is recovering from her operation.



MR. AND MRS. SAM HARDY WITH THE "H.H."

On the Blackmoor day. Mr. Sam Hardy was Master of the Hambledon from 1915 to 1926. They are next door neighbours to the "H.H."—initials which stand for the Hampshire Hunt

The Heythrop

Monday at Enstone was what is commonly called a good woodland day, i.e., a day on which all who prefer galloping over the flat to galloping over the obstacles compete most conspicuously; but surely a defenceless wheat-field might have been spared from the onslaught as it was treading unnecessarily on the farmer's corn in more senses than one. Our

(Continued on p. 598)

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RAPID RE-INCARNATION!

By George Belcher



Beak: This is the second birthday you've had in three weeks

The Bacchante: I 'aint 'ide-bound, yer honour, I 'as one just when it's suits me fancy

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Or a very pompous and elderly Victorian lady whose kitchen-maid has actually dared to answer her back! Anyway the assurance of this hysteria gives the chance to any young author who wishes to make a name for himself on the instant. If Mr. John Heygate's now notorious first novel, "Decent Fellows" (Mundanus. 3s.), had been written—say about Uppingham, or Brighton College—it would probably not have emerged from obscurity. For, although it is quite a vivid account of public school life, there is little about it which soars very far above lively mediocrity. But it is about Eton! And about Etonians! And it is not very complimentary to either one or the other. Hence the hubbub! Well, well . . .!! Anyway it takes for its hero a young boy who comes of a family of refined snobs—not vulgar snobs, but the kind of snob which is still allured by a title, no matter what brainless boob goes with it. All the other Etonians have too much money and are "kicksomely" little tin gods in embryo. There is one scene when three of them escape in the evening with one of the boy's sisters and visit a gay dance hall, where they find two of the Eton masters dancing with girls who would be tickled to death ever to find themselves wives. There is a detailed description of corporal punishment which, perhaps, would have been more moving had not the boys, as they are depicted by the author, demanded such a punishment, if only for their better development. There are the usual hints and asides regarding certain sexual matters which apparently are essential to every modern story of school life, if only to make such stories about something at all which hasn't got to do with Smith Minor's football shorts and who made the top score at cricket. Anyway the novel has made all good Etonians very angry. Not for them the dignity of ignorantism! Consequently, they have drawn everybody's attention to a novel which is competent without being clever, and achieves a certain liveliness without any memorable entertainment.

* * *

The Book of Cats.

I suppose in reality I am no cat-lover. I would never be cruel to a cat, but because I never feel the need of cat-companionship I may consider myself incompetent to deal with the virtues and graces of cats. I like their decorative effect. I love the air of cosiness they lend to even a bare room. But I am fond of birds, and I have seen certain cats. . . . Yes, I know it is their nature, but it doesn't make me feel I can love them any more. Really I suppose I am no cat-lover. I cannot be a cat-lover because I have known several cat-lovers, and their ecstasies over cats have been well-nigh hysterical. And I, I do not even yearn to stroke a stray cat sitting on a wall as I pass by. And by that you may know a cat-lover for all time. Nevertheless, I thoroughly enjoyed reading Mr. Michael Joseph's book, "Cat's Company" (Bles. 15s.), which B. F. Dolbin, a German artist and cat-lover, has illustrated delightfully. This is a volume which everyone interested in cats of all kinds will not only welcome but, so to speak, place reverently among their family treasures. It contains stories about cats; it contains the personal reminiscences by the author of the cats he has

owned, on occasion more than a dozen at a time; cats of the famous and cats of the obscure; dead cats, live cats, and the stories of some enchanting kittens. Lastly, a chapter on the care of cats which I understand contains statements open to dispute. Well, certainly they will be disputed for I have discovered that in the heart of an ardent cat-lover there is something of religious worship—his life, metaphorically speaking, to be given at any moment in defence of his feline idols. Yet though you be as I am, merely someone who only tolerates cats, you will find Mr. Joseph's book both charming and interesting and, together with Mr. Dolbin's illustrations, most "decorative" company.

* * *

One Strange Story.

Adam Black, the hero of A. William Ellis's "Novel in Three Books," "Ascetic" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), took himself and life dreadfully seriously. When his closest friend spoils his life by marrying an adventuress, Adam—although he had nothing to do with it except to prevent it—vowed to himself that he would henceforth in his own life conserve his sexual strength to pour it into the service of literature—spelt preferably all in capital letters. However, a weakness developing in his lungs, he is sent to Switzerland to a sanatorium, where one would suppose the highest sexual vows might be kept without temptation or disaster. Yet it is in this sanatorium where Adam's trials begin. There is a positively shameless nurse to tempt his baser instincts, and a sincere and deeply affectionate fellow-patient, Mignonne, to inspire him to higher things. Happily he escapes the nurse, only to fall for the other when, being cured, he returns to England to discover that literary work, even for a celibate, is just as tedious as waiting for virtue to be its own reward. His lack of success indeed weakens his views so greatly that he writes to ask Mignonne to join him, and she sends a reply of joyful acceptance. She will be his wife in a few months' time. Alas, however, that Adam, who had waited for so long, could not wait this comparatively short period. Before Mignonne arrives he has committed some sad and sordid sins of the flesh. But does it ruin him? On the contrary, he had scarcely begun to sin properly before he got an important post on a literary journal in London. The ways of the transgressor are seemingly not to be despised. Only, of course, Mr. Ellis sees to it that they succeed only for a time. The end is punishment all right, and a highly dramatic climax brings quite a well-written and always interesting novel to a thrilling close.



Wife: I simply adore my new coat, but I can't help feeling a pang for the poor beast who was skinned to get it
 Husband: Thank you, Veronica; that is indeed kind of you!

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.

IN TOWN AND OUT



MR. OSBERT AND LADY JOAN PEAKE
AND THEIR CHILDREN



MISS BEIT AND SIR ALFRED BEIT



IN THE PARK: THE MARQUESS OF
LONDONDERRY AND "SIMBA"



LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY AND HER SON PATRICK

Mr. Osbert Peake, who is in the little domestic snapshot at the top of the page, is the Conservative Member for Leeds (North), and in 1922 married Lady Joan Capell, a daughter of the late Earl of Essex. The three children are Martin, Sonia, and Iris. Mr. Peake is a kinsman of the Marquess of Zetland. Sir Alfred Beit, who was in the Park with his younger sister, succeeded to the baronetcy on the much-regretted death of his father, Sir Otto Beit. The present baronet's elder sister, Mrs. Arthur Bull, was formerly Master of the Hertfordshire Hounds. Lord Londonderry, like some other people at the time when the snapshot was taken, probably found London a more congenial spot than Leicestershire, where he is a very familiar figure, especially when hounds happen to go in earnest. Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, the elder daughter of the Duke of Westminster, is the wife of Major W. Filmer-Sankey, who is Joint Master of the South Notts Hounds, and before them had the Tipperary for one season.



F. King & Co.

COMMANDER GLEN KIDSTON

The famous air pilot who is now using an enclosed-cabin Puss Moth for his air-touring expeditions. Recently Commander Glen Kidston made a tour of 3,500 miles over Europe

chased for less than about 96s. a dozen bottles, and the filling of a child's stocking costs five pounds and a chill on the liver through creeping to the nursery in pyjamas at two in the morning. Small wonder that the shadow of the three brass balls, that trinity of tribulation, hangs over this period more than any other. Even aircraft manufacturers, by definition the most optimistic of men, begin to wonder if they will ever sell another aircraft. People have not yet got the habit of giving their friends and relations aeroplanes for Christmas. In this matter of aircraft and their ownership ingenuity must replace generosity and the sweep or raffle must replace the personal gift. Some of the light aeroplane clubs have discovered that the raffling of aircraft is popular and that tickets are sold without much difficulty. The method ought to be extended. It is the system of gift spread out so that that "consumption of the purse" of which Falstaff complained so bitterly is not felt by any single person; it is giving by numbers. And no one who aspires to be a sportsman will complain if he loses, nor will he be prevented by his loss from entering for the next raffle that is held. Sir Thomas Lipton has demonstrated to the world at large that the true sportsman is he who goes on and on, undeterred by the knowledge that there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the Lipton. So let the raffling of aircraft become more general during the winter months.

Seasonal depressions are more difficult to understand in aviation than in almost anything else, and that they will disappear within a few years there can be no doubt. For it is when "skies are cold and misty and hail is hurling" that the aeroplane provides a means of escape to some summer haven in double quick time. There can be no doubt that the owner of a machine like the Westland Wessex would get much more all-the-year-round use out of it than out of a yacht. Thank goodness, aircraft do not require careening, and the most extensive running repair is a trifle to what it may be in a small yacht of say a hundred tons. In winter the aircraft, if it be of the right type, is of much greater practical use than any yacht can be. It takes its owner where he may want to go, yet all the time it keeps him, as it were, in touch with London. And in these days of strenuous business competition that close touch with London is almost essential. So there is no excuse for any seasonal depression in aviation, and it is to be hoped that it will fade away with other legacies of the obsolete type of motor-car.

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Saint Nicholas.

IT is appropriate that Saint Nicholas, or Santa Claus, should be the patron saint not only of children but also of pawnbrokers. While he fills stockings he empties purses, and if Christmas is notable for over-drinking it is also notable for over-spending—for both overdrafts and overdrafts. Peace and good-will towards men cannot now be pur-

Sixteen Years Ago.

On Christmas Eve, sixteen years ago the first bomb was dropped on British soil at Dover, a gentle reminder that England was no longer a right little, tight little island. To-day people are inclined to forget that unless they have air defence they have no defence at all, and so it is good to see the general public going in large numbers to watch a film like *Hell's Angels*, for it acts as a reminder of the military power of aircraft. But it is surprising that no remark has been made about the incident depicted in that film when two Royal Flying Corps officers, accompanied by machine guns and American accents, go over to bomb a German munitions dump in a captured German machine bearing the iron crosses on the wings. So far as I know the Royal Flying Corps never used a captured aircraft in order to avoid being attacked by German guns and aircraft while flying over enemy territory. Nor did they ever fly over the lines in aircraft marked with the iron crosses on the wings. Had they done so they would have been shot at by our own anti-aircraft guns and would have been attacked by our own aircraft. It was not a point of high morality but of expediency. It is a pity that in a film with so many brilliantly executed flying incidents there should be this mistake.

Compression Ignition.

Almost every important aero-engine firm in Great Britain is experimenting with compression ignition aero-engines and it is likely that more than one high-powered type will be put on the market in the near future. Mr. Pye summed up the advantages of the compression ignition aero-engine in his paper before the Royal Aeronautical Society the other day when he said that even with a weight of 3½ lb. per horse-power, as against a petrol engine's 2 lb., the fuel economy is so great that for a flight of ten hours' duration the compression ignition engine plus its fuel weighs no more than the petrol engine plus its fuel. Rolls-Royce have two compression ignition engines, one running and the other shortly to begin its tests. One is a converted Condor and the other an "F" engine with sleeve valves as advocated by Mr. Ricardo. Napier's are also experimenting with compression ignition as well as Bristol and Armstrong Siddeley. For all long-distance machines, heavy oil fuel will probably be substituted for petrol within five years. For the normal short-distance light aeroplane, petrol seems likely to remain, unless some revolutionary development takes place in the heavy-oil engines. The ten-hour flight will be the strictly efficient changing point; but probably machines which fly for five hours and more will be fitted with compression ignition engines for other reasons.



F. King & Co.

MR. C. R. FAIREY

The head of the famous aircraft firm which has just sold a large number of Fireflies to the Belgian Air Force. The Firefly is one of the two fastest single-seater fighting aircraft in the whole world

A SOCIETY GALLERY OF TWO



LADY EVELYN GUINNESS

Lady Evelyn Guinness, who is the wife of the Right Hon. Walter Guinness and a sister of the Earl of Buchan, is taking a leading interest in the forthcoming exhibition of British furs arranged by Country Industries, Ltd., in co-operation with the Fur Board. Country Industries, Ltd., is the organization which successfully brought to the notice of the public the beautiful quilting done by miners' wives in both Durham and South Wales. The Marchioness of Douro, who is a daughter-in-law of the Duke of Wellington and a sister of the present Lord Glentanar, has considerable musical talent and is the composer of an orchestral composition which was broadcast by the B.B.C. on December 14

Photographs by Bertram Park, Dover Street



THE MARCHIONESS OF DOURO

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER,—This going-to-press-early-for-Christmas is always most bothersome. My news of the week will be, by the time it reaches you, terribly of the year before yesterday! Also I should, according to all traditions, prattle of peace and goodwill, mistletoe and midnight



CLOTILDE SAKAROFF

Alban

The beautiful dancer, whose recent dance "recital," given with her brother Alexander, crowded the vast Théâtre des Champs Elysées to its utmost capacity

Mass, holly and *Réveillon*, *boudin* and indigestion. . . . Alas, I do not, at the moment, feel in the least Christmassy, although I have spent the greater part of a hectic afternoon purchasing silk stockings, scarves, card-cases, and diaries and other more idiotic offerings, for the "merry" season that can, most easily, travel by post. The shops are merry enough (hell understood) and as usual their façades are blazing with electric signs advertising their *Jouets et Etrennes* with a profusion of animated scenes and figures that, thanks to Jaccopozzi, our light wizard, I do not think even Broadway could better. I forgot; however, that to-day is the children's half holiday and that the shopping crowd would be swelled by an army of gaping infants. It is pleasant to see them, bless them, but it adds to the already complicated task of getting served in *les grands magasins*, and when one loathes shopping and crowds as heartily as I do . . . Ah well!

I went round later to Smith's Book Shop and saw reckless millionaires buying frosted ribbon, decorated Christmas cards and the Christmas numbers of "our shinier periodicals," the cost of all of which soars so giddily . . . *in francs*! There is quite the right seasonable British atmosphere at Smith's, and that is why, I think, one finds so many French people upstairs in the cosy low-ceilinged tea-rooms, while so many English

people flock over the way *chez* Colombin's. When in Rome one does as the Romans do, but the difficulty is to find the Romans doing—anything Roman! Paris so loves to be anything and everything but French. Half the plays on the bill of fare are either translations or adaptations. Fifteen cars out of every twenty are American. Restaurants that fail when they merely (and excellently) uphold all the traditions of *la vieille cuisine française* are thronged as soon as they specialize in Fried Monkey's Lights or Bee Hive Soup, and decorate their walls to represent the North Pole at Dawn or Somewhere West of Donogo-Tonga.

The other evening the longing seized me to enjoy that which one used to call a "*recherché*" little dinner. I went naturally to Voisin's; all the more so because rumour—since contradicted—had it that Voisin's was soon to be pulled down. I enjoyed my dinner, which was indeed exactly as I knew it would be: the cooking exquisite, the wine perfection, the service impeccable! But, oh the melancholy, the desolate air of the place. . . . Only one of the two downstairs rooms was open, and in it only three tables were occupied: an American couple, obviously lovers, who smoked throughout the meal and were so absorbed in each other that they certainly did not notice what they were eating, two provincial Frenchmen of the Albert Guillaume type, and my party. *Un point, c'est tout!*

The evening before I had watched dozens of would-be diners turned away from the new place that the management of the Viking Bar, in the rue Vavin on the "left bank," has opened in the Avenue Marceau. Scandinavian specialties in a décor of snow, elks and ice! All very excellent certainly—their supper sandwiches are varied beyond belief and mar-vee-liously good—but how exotic. Other "foreign" restaurants beloved of Parisians just now are: The Chicago Inn, the "Quirinal," with its Italian dishes, the Neuvième Art, with its palate scorching Javanese and Dutch specialties; the snug, carpet-hung Oriental places, "Semiramis" in the rue du Chateaudun, and the Mosque back o' beyond, and then of course, come all the Russian *boîtes*—the Ermitage Muscovite, the Caneton, where there is such an excellent little orchestra in the evenings, the Maisonnnette Russe, l'Esturgeon, and others too numerous to mention.

One of the most popular novels in Paris to-day is the French version of Somerset Maugham's "Ashenden" and Gaston de Pawlowski, the eminent critic, lauds it in a double column article in that most pithy little weekly "Gringoire." Recently the "Temps" published a translation of Rose Macaulay's "Orphan Island" in its daily feuilleton (and here I must boast of having recommended the book to André Levinsohn, who then patronised it with the above result and this, I think, was quite noble of me considering the fact that Miss Macaulay has nothing but schoolmarmish sneers for the "gossiping imbecilities" and "bright personal babble" of the ladies who write for "our shinier-paper weeklies").

Sacha Guitry's megalomania (forgive this apparently abrupt transition) must have had a severe shock the other day when, at a sale of rare books and manuscripts, a small collection of his letters came under the hammer. A volume by Anatole France had fetched 4,500 francs and it was Sacha's turn. "*Recueil des lettres de Sacha Guitry sur velin d'Arches*" was the announcement which was greeted by a painful silence. "Twenty francs" at last murmured a little voice, "twenty-five" whispered another and it was only the eloquent auctioneer's coaxing that brought the bidding up to thirty-two francs! Times are hard, *très cher*—even for the greatest of us.

The downfall of the Government caused consternation in theatrical circles although, as a rule, Thespians are fairly indifferent to politics. The dear old Odéon theatre is controlled by the State. The re-opening was to take place on that fatal Thursday with a great blaring of trumpets. The Government was invited to gloat over its new toy. Red carpets were laid, flowers-in-pots were banked high. Alas! Our politicians—while their good ladies in best bib and tucker waited in vain for them at home—were busy elsewhere and certainly not dreaming of an evening at the theatre!—Love, PRISCILLA.

IN THE FILM SPOT-LIGHT



BEAUTIFUL JOAN BENNETT

The beautiful Joan Bennett made a big mark when she played in "Bulldog Drummond," as Ronald Colman's opposite number, and after that she went straight up into the rarefied ether of stardom, and made good in both "Disraeli" and "Three Live Ghosts." Bessie Love's newest is "Good News," but this is only yet another added to her long catalogue of successes, as she has never looked back since D. W. Griffith discovered her and put her into "Intolerance." She is one of the tiniest stars on the screen, as she is barely five feet—a pretty blonde with hazel eyes—so they tell us. Catherine Dale-Owen, who is another of the screen's loveliest blondes, is appearing in the new film, "Strictly Unconventional"



BESSIE LOVE IN "GOOD NEWS"



IN "STRICTLY UNCONVENTIONAL": CATHERINE DALE-OWEN

"NO COLOUR LIKE RED!"



WITH THE MONMOUTHSHIRE: In front—Brig.-General W. Featherstonhaugh, Miss Mary Graham, —, Mrs. Crawshaw, Mrs. Douglas Graham, Mr. A. Pilliner, Major Douglas Graham, and Miss Baker; In rear—Mr. Cleeve, Mr. Jones, Lady Mary Herbert, —, —, and Lieut.-Colonel Fulke-Walwyn, M.F.H., the Joint Master



A SOUTH SHROPSHIRE GROUP. In front—Miss C. Whitaker, Major James Whitaker, M.F.H., Major Sir Richard Leighton, Lady Hickman, and Lady Leighton; behind—Mrs. A. N. Fielden, Major E. H. M. de Stacpole, the Hon. Mrs. James Whitaker, Colonel John Campbell, V.C., Mr. W. E. Grey, —, and Captain R. F. Farrington



WITH THE TIPPERARY: At back—Colonel Cobden, Major Morel, and Major-General R. O. Kellett; in front—Lady Ainsworth (wife of the M.F.H.), Mr. W. P. Hanley, Senator John Bagwell, Mrs. Bagwell, and Miss Watson



(Right)—
LORD AND
LADY MUS-
KERRY WITH
THE LIMERICK



WITH MR. LEADER'S HARRIERS: Miss Georgia Bulteel, Lord Wilton, Miss Bulteel, Miss Diana Bulteel, and Lady Alexandra Egerton

The affliction of the recent fog, frost, and rain has not stopped some of them, and in Ireland where some of these groups were taken they have had better luck than we in England have had, but then they usually have, and it is rarely that either frost or foot-and-mouth, our two greatest bug-bears, ever hold them up. Sir Thomas Ainsworth, an ex-Master of the Meath, has had the galloping Tipperary since 1928. Lord and Lady Muskerry were with Mr. "Atty" Persee's hounds, the Limerick

A NATIVITY PLAY



"UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN"

"Bethlehem," a Nativity Play by Laurence Housman, was given shortly before Christmas by the Citizen House Players, in their own theatre at Bath. Miss C. M. de Reyes was the producer of this very moving and beautifully rendered presentation of the Christmas Story, in which the part of the Virgin Mary was taken by Miss Toscano. In the scene above, showing the Adoration on the Throne, Helen King plays the Christ Child. Mr. Housman is a poet both in prose and verse, and is the author of many most charming fantasies



THE ADORATION OF THE ANGELS: Miss Iles (Angel of the Star) with the Misses Witherington, Salter, Ball, Snell, Nash, Stacey, Franklin, and Cook



AN ALLEGORICAL INTERLUDE: Mrs. Lawson as the Spirit of the Present and Miss Tallboys (right) as the Spirit of the Past



THE AUTHOR AND THE PRODUCER: Mr. Laurence Housman with Miss C. M. de Reyes.



THE SHEPHERDS HEAR OF THE CHRIST CHILD'S BIRTH
Photographs by Arthur Owen

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Wonder Bar," at the Savoy Theatre



THE "WONDER BAR" IN FULL BLAST

Bessie (Miss Betty Frankiss) and Rosette (Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor) sing and dance "Elizabeth," the lively tune which set Berlin by the ears; on their right is the Count (Mr. Spencer Trevor) who suddenly enlivens the proceedings by exclaiming "Waiter, tell the band to play something romantic; I'm feeling most peculiar." His companion is Electra Pivonka (Miss Ethel Baird) who dances "The Dying Flamingo" and duly gets the bird from the proprietor. The reveller toying with the spaghetti is Benno Bondy (Mr. Dick Francis) who is feeling full of beans and benevolence



ROBITSCHECK AND SAM WONDER

The theatrical agent (Mr. Reginald Smith) and the proprietor of the Wonder Bar (Mr. Joseph Greenwald), whose running commentary-keeps the customers on good terms with the cabaret.

STAGE is stage and stalls are stalls, and never the twain shall meet. It was a good motto, I thought, in the pre-War days when the gang-plank was an indispensable asset of revue. I still do. Even the occasional invasion of the Hippodrome arena by Miss Shirley Kellogg and the chorus had a vaguely disturbing effect. It was nice, of course, for the young bloods to get a worm's eye view of Mr. De Courville's bevy of beauty without extra charge. It was exciting to appraise Miss Kellogg's personal charms as she promenaded the gangway, flashing an electric torch on the bald heads of conveniently-placed old gentlemen. On one occasion she pelted the audience with tennis balls, and could scarcely conceal her annoyance when these missiles were returned with interest.

The most disturbing evening I ever spent in a theatre was at the Winter Garden, when the late lamented Leslie Faber strove manfully to impart an air of coherence to an extravaganza of crooks, spooks and conjuring. One of the performers in a music-hall Illusion Act was murdered on the stage. I forget why. The assailant, if I remember rightly, was sitting in front and suddenly opened fire with a revolver. One soon realized that every other stallite was a potential criminal. After innumerable interruptions from the auditorium the first act ended by the entry of some forty supers, mostly guardsmen, dressed as policemen. The murderer was inside the theatre somewhere, and nobody was permitted to leave, not even a lady whose reasons for returning to her baby moved the cheaper seats to roars of homely laughter. The piece was novel and had its diverting moments of suspense and surprise. But the sensitive playgoer in an endeavour not to miss anything could not cope with the strain of focussing the attention in two places at once.

Wonder Bar at the Savoy confirms my theory that the theatre is a place of illusion, however slender or realistic that illusion may be. To create an illusion is difficult; to keep it constantly alive is harder still. The



MISS ELSIE RANDOLPH

Inez, one of the professional dancers, dashes into the story in a volcanic solo dance

play that "dies on itself" at the end of the second act does so because the dramatist has come to the end of his pretence and has nothing more worth saying. An audience to be "held" must forget that it is in a theatre at all. As soon as it is allowed to become conscious of its surroundings it begins to cough and fidget, quizz its neighbours, and notice the draughts. No actor can give of his best unless he feels sub-consciously that subtle bond of affinity between himself and his hearers. This spiritual communion is a delicate piece of mechanism. Sometimes the actor can establish contact at once. If he can't, he must fight hard for the psychological moment when the spell begins to work. If at any moment some outside influence intervened, such as someone having hysterics in the pit or a piece of scenery falling down on the stage, the spell would cease to work, and in all probability never properly work again.

At the Savoy illusion defeats itself by pretending that the stage isn't a stage but the floor of a cabaret in Vienna. There are no footlights and no pit for the orchestra. The customary haunts of the clarionets and the drums are given over to two cocktail bars, propped up during the entire evening by "clients" whose unceasing libations are enough to parch an audience with premature thirst. The scenery is a continuation of the Savoy's mural *décor*. The effect is novel and, at first, intriguing. The game at which we are spectators is like lacrosse. There are none of the usual boundaries. For a few minutes, perhaps, our attention is riveted to the stage. But not for longer. Someone, perhaps half-a-dozen people, are hurrying down the gangways from the back of the stalls. Round go our necks like a ventriloquist's dolls. Hallo, there's Miss Dorothy Dickson; how perfectly sweet she looks in white. Who's that with her? Where's the programme? . . . What did he say? Who's that coming now? Here's Elsie Randolph again . . . and Carl Brisson.

Actually it's more complicated than that. Conversations begun are half or never finished. Just when a glimmer of plot begins to show itself out steps Mr. Joseph Greenwald as the proprietor to announce the next turn. The dialogue is not only strictly rationed but cut up into the most frugal portions. Everyone seems difficult to hear. The result of all this speaking by numbers is almost as confusing as if everybody talked at the same time. Behind this succession of cabaret turns there is a wisp of a story if only we can find it. The banker's wife is in love with the gigolo. The banker thinks he is broke. His wife's emerald necklace might save him only the gigolo has stolen it and is engaged for half-an-hour trying to sell it to Mr. Wonder himself in loud bathroom undertones which nobody else is supposed to hear. At half-time the gigolo and the lady have bolted with the necklace. When they reappear (no curtain descends to denote the interval) it is as dancing partners sadly disillusioned. In the end the banker recaptures the lady, and the gigolo, confronted by the necklace, turns coolly to further conquests.

Where *Wonder Bar* scores is in the novelty and the atmosphere. Its success on the continent (that gay song, "Elizabeth,"

was the rage of Berlin), is not difficult to understand. We have no cafés and "sing-easies" to compare in gaiety or spirit with those continental high-lights of "night life." The weak spot, I think, is the fact that Mr. Charlotte's ingenious and cleverly staged diversion is a glorified cabaret show, and cabaret to my mind is generally one of the most disappointing forms of entertainment. One, because it is thrown in, so to speak, as an extra. Two, because most of the good turns are too well known to excite surprise and the rest are merely tolerated as well-meaning interruptions to expensive food and a good dance band.

The cabaret turns in *Wonder Bar* are in themselves excellent. Miss Gwen Farrar and Miss Norah Blaney are a redoubtable blend of bitter-sweet. Mr. Giovanni picks pockets with delightful ease. The quality is there but not the element of surprise. There comes

a time when the whole thing becomes a mere trick unnecessarily prolonged. Mr. Brisson sings and dances with an easy pleasing efficiency which no mere "matinée idol" can ever hope to acquire. Miss Dickson is bewitchingly wistful. Miss Randolph gives off vitality like the live-wire of cleverness she always is. Mr. Joseph Greenwald is an amusing and indefatigable master of the ceremonies. Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor, Miss Betty Frankiss, Mr. William Cavanagh, and Mr. Spencer Trevor are eager for the fray. Miss Farrar, with monosyllable and grimace, drops an occasional olive in the glass of gaiety. Mr. Dick Francis is as funny as any comedian could hope to be as a bibulous client. Mr. Rowland Leigh has made a good job of anglicising the book (one might almost say scrap-book) and written any amount of bright lyrics, which possess reason as well as rhyme.

Mr. Robert Katscher's music is always tuneful. Mr. Arthur Rosebery's band is first rate. Miss Gordon Conway's dresses, to the male eye, are poems of chic. And yet, try as I would, the elusive air of Viennese gaiety never promoted That Cocktail Feeling without which no modern revel is complete. Perhaps the rôle of watching other people pretending to eat, drink, and be merry was too much.

It is not usual to envy the prisoners at the bar, but if Mr. Wonder had brought me the wine list things might have been different. Champagne and illusion are never far apart.

"TRINCULO"



LIANE AND THE GIGOLO

Miss Dorothy Dickson and Mr. Carl Brisson. Liane loses her heart and her emerald necklace to the Gigolo, runs away with him and returns one year later as his dancing partner only to fall into the arms of a forgiving husband. Miss Dickson looks, and dances, enchantingly, and Mr. Brisson carries popularity a stage further by proving himself as good a comedian and dancer as he is a "charmer"



NORAH BLANEY AND GWEN FARRAR

One of those "good turns" that always deserve another. This redoubtable pair are the mainstay of Mr. Wonder's Cabaret. And no wonder!



MR. MICHAEL ARLEN AND HIS WIFE



This Charming Person

Portraits of Mrs. Michael Arlen
by herself and with her husband

The complimentary adjective which contributed to the title of one of Mr. Michael Arlen's most successful novels is certainly applicable to his wife, who is delightful to look upon and possesses a most attractive personality. She was Countess Atalanta Mercati before her marriage, which took place at Cannes in the spring of 1928. The arrival of a son, now a fortnight old, is a matter for great rejoicing. Mr. Arlen, the creator of a new style in novel writing, which several aspirants to literary honours have tried, quite unsuccessfully, to imitate, was born in Bulgaria of Rumanian parents thirty-five years ago. He was educated at Malvern College, and in 1922 became a naturalized British subject. His most recently-published book is "Babes in the Wood"

Photographs by Peter North



**Be known as a connoisseur
of good whisky—give
your friends
Haig**



ESTABLISHED SINCE 1627.

Haig **WHISKY**

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



AN IRISH BANK AND A GRAND NATIONAL

By Gilbert Holie

A great proportion of the horses which have won the Grand National at Aintree have graduated over the Irish banks, which are probably the best and provided the embankment between is sound these Irish horses throw them behind them as if they were just nothing at all. The high possibility that anything cutting out the work in Meath, for instance, or almost anywhere



AND NATIONAL "POSSIBLE" LEADING THEM

By Gilbert Holiday

anks, which are probably the best education in the world for making a horse "mind" himself. A big yawner "to" you and another off, nothing at all. The high class performer leading the field in the picture the artist suggests may be on a future National winner. It is always ce, or almost anywhere else in Ireland, may one day pass the post well in front at Aintree

Is that my GUINNESS?



GUINNESS GETS HOME

THE TATLER

G.E.100

Sweet are the Muses of a 'Varsity

Cambridge and Russia
in a Masque to Music

Madame Lydia Lopokova and members of Cambridge University appeared recently for a short season at the Arts Theatre in a Masque of Poetry, Music, and Dancing. The programme was concerned mainly with Miltonic verse, of which Mr. George Rylands, who was producing, is a great student. Madame Lopokova, the fascinating Russian dancer, has a personal link with Cambridge, for her husband, Professor J. M. Keynes is Fellow and Bursar of King's College. She mimed and moved as deliciously as ever, and listening to her speaking blank verse was a new experience for London. The young men from the banks of the Cam acquitted themselves excellently, and the décor was remarkably good. Mr. Peter Hannen is a son of Nicholas Hannen, the well-known actor

Photographs by Cecil Beaton



CAMBRIDGE BY MARRIAGE: MADAME
LYDIA LOPOKOVA (MRS. J. M. KEYNES)



PETER HANNEN AS SATAN IN "PARADISE LOST"



LYDIA LOPOKOVA AND GEORGE RYLANDS IN "COMUS"



"HOW sad to be a millionaire and a cripple," everyone said of Lord Bandalog.

But since most cripples are not millionaires, Lord Bandalog was, in this respect, a lucky man.

Indeed, had he not been rich, his life as a cripple would have been intolerable, for Lord Bandalog had an unfortunate character.

Once he had been a successful stockbroker, and as his health left him he clung the more closely to that caution which is the essence of successful stock-broking. Thus, day by day as his income increased, he grew richer and more mean.

Lord Bandalog was a genial man, but not a generous one. He did not mind spending money on himself. But he had a horror of anyone else benefiting by one half-penny of his fortune.

He was terrified of human ties in his life, mortally afraid of making one spontaneous gesture of generosity which might lead to life-long obligations.

It was for this reason that he would keep on moving from place to place, never staying long enough in the same city for any one particular personality to impinge itself upon the selfish crust of his egotism.

North, south, east, west went Lord Bandalog. He came to consider himself a great traveller, but he was wrong, for since he had not the use of his legs there were no wilds for him to walk through, no heights for him to scale. He had never tramped through miles of lonely, dangerous country, where one may meet no one save an occasional enterprising English schoolmaster.

Lord Bandalog knew no countries—only capitals. He knew no discomforts, only Ritz Hotels. He knew no real people, only a scintillating cosmopolitan crowd who, with different names, were the same—so much the same—in every city.

These people would read the social notes of the "New York Herald" and the word would go round.

"Lord Bandalog is here."

"Where?"

"At the Ritz, of course."

And so they would surround him, shake cocktails in his rooms, depress him with gossip and, screeching like so many brightly coloured macaws, bore him with the dull, smart sayings of the day. But it was doubtful if Lord Bandalog himself knew just how bored he was. He had been a millionaire and a cripple for so long that he had forgotten what it meant to be either bored or amused.

Indeed he only knew what it meant to be frightened. He was afraid of the ambitions of others. The ambitions of poor young men to become rich. The ambitions of women who already had eight ugly, glittering bracelets, to have nine and then ten, so that it need never end, for even when one arm was invisible, concealed completely by jewellery from elbow to wrist, there was always the other arm, naked and hungry for diamonds from wrist to elbow.

Lord Bandalog was also afraid of all women who did not happen to be married at the moment. A complaisant cripple and a millionaire with a nice new title was, he had convinced himself of it, the ideal husband all women were seeking. He could not shake off a sense of panic lest some woman should succeed in marrying him for his bracelet-giving powers.

Thus, driven on by terror, he was always setting out for the next city, the next Ritz, and the next cosmopolitan crowd. But even this perpetual moving-on did not solve Lord Bandalog's problem. He had a superstition that people who were not crippled could travel faster than he. He would break out into a cold sweat of horror lest one of these days he should arrive in a new Ritz to find them all there, waiting for him by the reception bureau. He would be wheeled slowly in, lying back in his invalid chair, and they would all dance about, greeting him with affected delight.

"Hullo, Lord Bandalog! We arrived hours ago. Let's have a party."

In some dim consciousness of his invalid brain, Lord Bandalog did realize that there were other people in the world who were kind, compassionate, and gentle, and who did not care for money beyond necessity, but then neither would they care for Ritz Hotels nor Lord Bandalog. His money was indeed his only asset, and people who loved money enough loved Lord Bandalog. But he himself did not care for anyone at all, and did not mind why they liked him. He could resign himself to being liked for money, but he could never resign himself to be followed for money.

And so he took to making a mystery about his arrival, his departure, his destination.

Lord Bandalog was certain that everyone wanted to follow him—he remembered once, on the occasion of a party in his rooms at the Ritz in Paris, he had said quite casually: "To-morrow I go to the Ritz in Barcelona," and everyone had answered: "How extraordinary, so do we! Let's have a party there."

(Continued on p. 586)

A PAGE OF CELEBRITIES



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI



PRESIDENT F. M. VON HINDENBURG

The Duce is one of the most photographed and most talked of men in the world, and if he were not a Dictator he would be almost a Mr. Bernard Shaw—for the papers and paragraphists simply will not let him alone however much, like Mr. Shaw, he may hate it. Germany's veteran President is far more famous as her most successful war general. It was Hindenburg who won the Russian campaign (Tannenberg), and whose famous line of field works on the Western front gave the Allies so much trouble. The beautiful ex-Queen of Afghanistan owes her present enforced seclusion to her spouse's endeavour to make the top hat supersede the turban in that centre of unrest, Kabul. Uncasy may lie the head which wears a crown, but if Amanullah had persisted in his top-hat crusade there might not have been a head to wear even a bérét



EX-QUEEN SOURIVA OF AFGHANISTAN AND HER SISTERS

“Rich Man’s Room” — (Continued from p. 584)

This had been a lesson for him. The next time he had said, equally casually, “Well, I suppose it’s good-bye to you all to-morrow, for I move to the Ritz in London.”

“London? That’s lucky, we’re going there too,” they had chorused again. But in London there had been no rich party-giving millionaire, for Lord Bandalog had been on the high seas, dining at the Ritz on the liner *Olympic* bound for New York city. He had felt gay, incognito, and for the first time in his life free, and from this moment, Lord Bandalog began to take a strange delight in his duplicity.

He would tell one person he was going to one place, to another person he would suggest another, the Press was informed of a third destination, and not even content with that he would change his plans at the last moment, when his luggage was labelled and he was about to leave he would decide on some other city. Lord Bandalog grew a beard, and then as a super-disguise, shaved it off again. He travelled faster, stayed a shorter time in each place. But he grew so complicated that he, too, forgot his own destination.

“Ritz Hotel—yes, but where—London, Paris, Barcelona?”

Lord Bandalog remained as mean as ever, but he grew older, iller, more stupid, and he began to hate the discomfort of travel. Aeroplanes frightened him, so did the sea, since he could neither swim nor jump. Trains tired him. He would grow querulous, complaining constantly, reminding everyone that “after all he was an invalid and should be shown some consideration.” And the more he reminded others of his physical frailty the more he reminded himself of his financial stability.

“After all,” he argued, “I am a millionaire. Why should I put up with discomforts?” But he said this to himself, for aloud he had never admitted how rich he was.

“A millionaire?” he would say: “Oh, I don’t know; well in dollars perhaps I am *almost* a millionaire.”

But how to solve the problem of travel? Lord Bandalog had long since decided that he must at all costs keep moving. He could not bear to stay still, the prey of every gold-digger, every husband-hunter. Nor could he bear the sea, aeroplanes, or the jolting continental trains.

And then at last he hit upon a plan. He would continue to travel, to patronize every Ritz Hotel in Europe, but he would travel asleep. He would sleep from Ritz to Ritz, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, knowing nothing, until he woke up again miles away, but in a nice, ostentatious hotel bedroom just like the one he had left. The whole idea enchanted Lord Bandalog. There must be so many drugs that were safe, drugs that brought unconsciousness, and with it, peace and freedom from anxiety.

“After all, I am an invalid,” he told himself, “and entitled to take sleeping draughts; it is only a question of degree, a little weaker, a little stronger, what did it matter? and waking-life was more tolerable after sleeping-life. There must be many doctors who would be more willing to travel round the world with a rich invalid than to trudge up the hill of drudgery before reaching the street of Harley!”

So argued Lord Bandalog, and as usual there was no one to argue either with or against him. He advertised, discreetly, secretly, like the good stockbroker he had been once. And soon an illicit-minded medical man appeared. And Lord Bandalog, poor psychologist that he was, delivered himself into the hands of this bogus doctor, and started off once more on his round of Ritzes. North, south, east, west, went Lord Bandalog; older, iller, more stupid still, and less conscious. Often, now, he did not know his future destination, could not remember the last city he had left. The time would come, and not far distant, when he would not even know which Ritz he was in at the moment. It was always the same; he would wake in the same sort of bed, the same kind of room, the cosmopolitan crowd, with only their names changed, would appear again. And then sometimes one woman less noisy than the rest would take his invalid fancy because she seemed like a narcotic in a thunderstorm. He might give her presents of jewellery, and then he would regret this gesture, feeling that he was becoming too tied to one person. And again the smiling attendant would appear, now more secretary than doctor. He would take Lord Bandalog’s banknotes and hurry off to Cook’s. He would return, still smiling, hypodermic needle in hand, and the sleeping millionaire would start off for some other Ritz.

“I have engaged your rooms at the Ritz in Barcelona, Lord Bandalog, but I told the Press that Paris was your destination.”

And hours later Lord Bandalog would awake in the Ritz and say: “So we’re in Paris again?”

“No, Barcelona.”

“But the ‘New York Herald’ is here and it says, ‘Lord Bandalog has arrived at the Ritz Hotel, Paris.’”

“That’s only a blind for the Press; this is Barcelona all right, and London was the last place.”

“What sort of trip did we have?”

“Not bad. Pretty heavy sea at one time.”

“Thank God I knew nothing,” sighed Lord Bandalog. “Well, I’m glad we are here. I’ve always wanted to see Barcelona.”

“Why? You’ve been here a dozen times before.”

“Oh, yes, of course.” Lord Bandalog recovered himself quickly.

“So I have, so I have; but last time I didn’t feel well, and we moved away so quickly.”

But all the same he could remember nothing of Barcelona.

And soon too many people would come to see him, women who were too chic to be simple, and men who were too cheerful to be honest. A twinge of meanness would tug at Lord Bandalog’s heart again, and he would move on—on his unconscious route to another Ritz.

One day he did awake in a familiar Ritz Hotel bedroom, unable to remember from whence he had come and where he had been going. In truth Lord Bandalog had not the least idea where he was.

He called, there was no answer, the doctor had left the hotel on some errand. He rang the bell by his bedside. The usual continental waiter appeared.

Lord Bandalog felt tired—ill—it was an effort for him to speak at all.

“What town is it?” he asked.

The waiter pointed to the clock. “Half-past eleven, my lord.”

“No, not time—town?”

“That’s it, my lord. Half-past eleven.”

“London, Paris, or New York?” asked Lord Bandalog.

The waiter smiled, nodded, hurried away and returned a few moments later with “The London-Paris-New York Magazine.”

Lord Bandalog was too weak to argue.

“That’s it,” he said. “Thank’s! just what I wanted.”

When he was alone he looked feverishly through the lists of arrivals, but the name of Lord Bandalog was included in every Ritz. It was always the same in every capital—“Ritz Hotel—Lord Bandalog.” “Lord Bandalog has arrived at the Ritz Hotel.”

He let the papers fall to the floor; they had not solved his problem and were of no further use to him.

“To think,” he told himself, “that I, the first Lord Bandalog, should be [here, and yet,” his brain hesitated, baffled, “and yet where? I don’t know.”

Tears came to his eyes. He was overwhelmed by the irony of the situation. He knew so well who he was and yet had not the slightest idea where he was. For the first time he felt a prisoner, for the first time felt that he was missing something in life. He felt that in laying these elaborate plans for running away he had run himself into a maze from which he might never escape. He determined to find out where he was before the doctor returned. For how would he know if the doctor told him the truth. He sensed now that the soothing, medical manner concealed a thousand schemes.

Slowly and painfully, by aid of chairs and tables, he managed to drag himself to his own invalid’s chair which waited for him in a corner of the room. It was the first real effort of will he had made in many years. He looked at the clock—it had taken him exactly three-quarters of an hour. He wheeled himself to the window and looked out. There was a balcony in front of it so that he could not see into the street very well. He saw only a narrow street, people walking about dressed in the dull smart fashion of the day—cars, long, low, and brightly painted. He did not know what street it was, and he was no nearer to knowing what town it was.

He wheeled his chair closer to the window. His fingers just reached the ledge of the balcony. He clung on and drew himself forward toward the edge. Lord Bandalog looked over. Still he could not recognize the street. It was a very long way down. Suddenly everyone seemed to be moving quicker. People hurried this way and that like hysterical ants. They came closer to him—looking larger, distorted, and strange. The motor-hooters blew louder and almost deafened him. And then they all disappeared—he saw nothing.

Lord Bandalog toppled over the edge of the balcony and crashed into the street below.

A soothing voice: “Quite all right—ambulance—be here in a moment.”

“Thank God, I’m in London,” murmured Lord Bandalog.

“He thinks he’s in London, poor chap,” someone said.

“Then where——?” Lord Bandalog tried to ask the name of the city. He did not know whether he had even finished the sentence aloud.

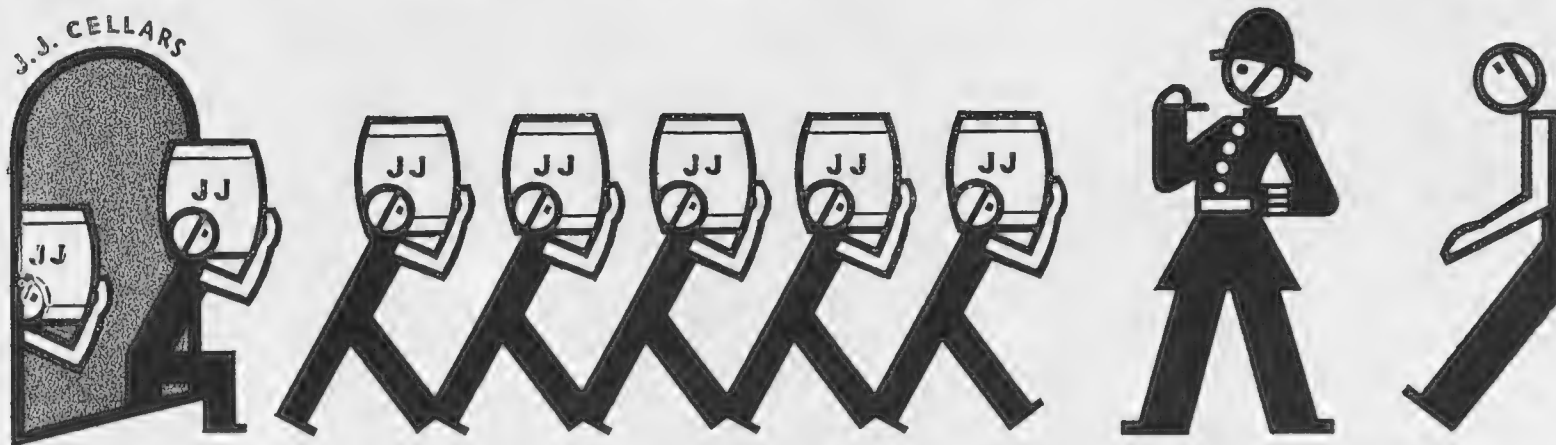
Everything was silent. The street sounds, the hooters, the cars, the footsteps of the people, faded away. He would never know now, there was no time to hear or to speak, because Lord Bandalog knew that in a few moments he was going to die.

There was an inquest. The doctor explained that Lord Bandalog had been staying in the Ritz in Paris for some weeks. Lord Bandalog had, the doctor said, been a great traveller. It had not been usual for him to stay in the same city for more than a few days at a time. But latterly, poor Lord Bandalog had not been well enough to travel at all, and since his nerves were in a bad state the doctor had thought fit to allow him at least the illusion of travel whilst keeping him in one room and avoiding the unnecessary fatigue.

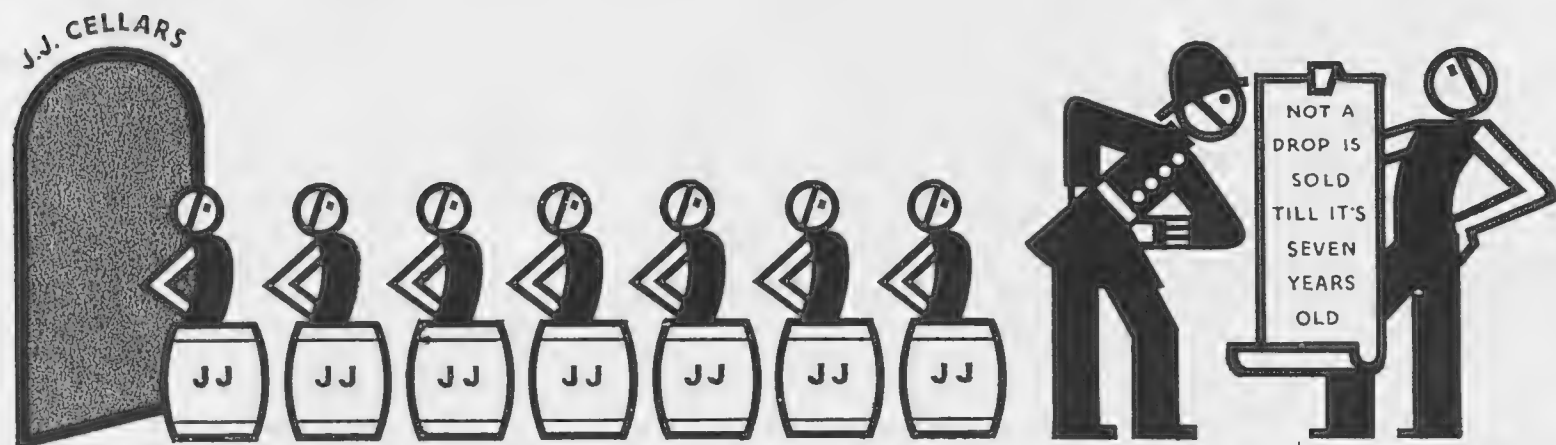
This one room had happened to be in the Ritz Hotel in Paris, and was just like all the other rooms in all the other Ritzes in which Lord Bandalog was accustomed to exist.

And thus from Ritz to Ritz lived and died the first and last Lord Bandalog, with only this brief respite of a few weeks in the same room, when he woke up in a familiar place, and finding it strange for the first time, straightway toppled over the balcony into another sphere.

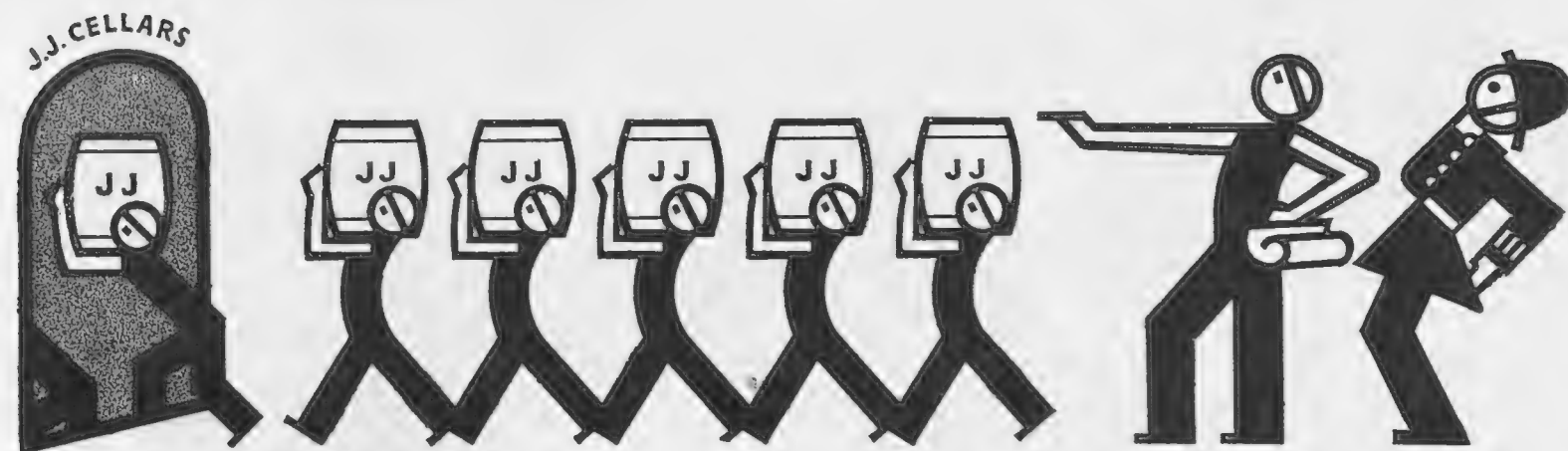
● Not a drop is sold till it's seven years old



"You can come out now, boys. Law says three years is long enough for whiskey to mature."



"Stop! What have you got to say in face of this ancient proclamation?"



"Back you go, boys. And go on growing smoother, softer, richer—for at least another four years."

● John Jameson ★ ★ ★ whiskey

Distilled several times over—from home-grown cereals only. Matured over seven years—in selected casks. Bottled pure—unblended with any other spirit. Made—regardless of time and expense—from a recipe discovered 150 years ago.

● THE J.J. YOU BUY TO-DAY WAS DISTILLED BEFORE 1923



WITH THE FERNIE: LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM, MISS FERGUSON, LORD SOMERTON, AND LORD MILTON

Who all came from the Fitzwilliam country to have a busman's holiday in Leicestershire and were out the day the Fernie met at Noseley. Lord Milton and Lady Helena Fitzwilliam are Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam's son and daughter. Lord Somerton is Lord Normanton's son

To-morrow's date seems to be the kind of date upon which a wish of good-will, and also of great peace, ought to go forth to everyone we know, even if it be only in the black and white of a letter; and as it has been next door to impossible to send this thing personally to each and everyone who is still here, and as it is only possible to send it in one way to those who are not here, but who will be, never fear, if only one opens the inner door of one's self wide enough, I hope that I am taking the right line in trying to write a short broad-cast, in the belief that the waves of memory will carry it to the proper destinations. Therefore do I send a hope for a Merry Christmas, and all that that ought to mean, to someone who is trapping in Chihuahua, Mexico, to a man who is in the Big Game somewhere in East Africa, to another (several others in fact) who live under the shadow of Table Mountain, to some merry humorists in Durban, to a lonely chap and his wife on a farm in Rhodesia, to an ex-A.D.C. to a Viceroy in Kenya, to someone else in Shanghai, to many in Hindustan, including one who is commanding a Brigade close up to the Frontier, and some others who are doing a bit of intermittent scrapping actually on it, to a whole bunch in Australia (which, as it's "them," ought to be spelt "Horse-tralia"), to "Ananias" Smith who has had his jaw broken by a kick from a horse, to two New Zealand masters of harriers who came to the Hog Hunters' Dinner last year, to some chaps who keep polo going in British Columbia and write and tell me about it sometimes, to many who play that great game and also hunt the fox in the U.S.A., some one in the Radnor country in particular and another in the Essex, to a "Mountie" in the N.W. frozen region of Canada, to a small girl who lives in Toronto and to another (male sex) small person in Quebec, a fox-hunter *in posse* if ever there were one, and longing to come and see how it is done over here, to a whole regiment of other great pals, all in the growing-up stage, Peggy and Betty, Chiquita and Pamela and "Sheeshy," pronounced that way for Sheila, to Paddy and "Little Maudie," and another Sheila who has gone to New Zealand, to old "Kerosene Joe," who, if he is alive, I expect swears by that fluid as a remedy for everything external and internal for

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

horses—or men; to that handsome lad, Oswald Marmaduke, to Ormonde and Fuzz and Mouse and Billie and James and Johnnie, whose leave went wrong somehow, and "Tybet" and Caryle and "Eugene," and to the large number of M.F.H.'s and Mrs. M.F.H.'s, to poor "Blottoh" with whom so many unforgettable days have been spent; foggy, rotten days when there has not been a ha'porth of scent, and others—not this season alas! so far bar one—when there's been a "smell" you could lean up against and they have gone away absolutely tied to him. To all and everyone of these, good luck and good will. And then to those others. The ones who never really have gone. They come to all of us I think, just about this time of the year more than at any other, and they always say the same thing: "Thank God you can't forget."

A sentence at the conclusion of the report of the investigator of the International League Against the Export of Horses for Butchery, will, I think, interest the R.S.P.C.A. It is this one in Mr. Geoffrey Gilbey's own words, and is à propos Vaurigard abattoir:

"It was perfectly clear to Mr. Rattigan and myself that the slaughterers have absolutely no intention of using the humane killers unless they are forced to. This was the impression we both got from everybody at the abattoir."

In a circular letter from Mr. Geoffrey Gilbey, which has been sent to me, he says:

"It was strongly felt that every effort should be made to get our Bill for stopping the Export of Horses for Butchery through Parliament, and Sir George Cockerill, M.P., is collaborating with Mr. Broad, the Member for Edmonton, and it is hoped that we may (now that the Bill has been redrafted to meet certain objections), get the Bill through the House."

In some recent notes I made a suggestion regarding a Bill which I thought might be helpful in that they might discourage the sale of horses for export for butchery from this country. It was this, that the purchase money for these animals should be held by a duly accredited official of the Department of Agriculture and only paid over to the seller on production of a properly attested certificate from some official of a foreign abattoir that the "goods" had been slaughtered with a humane killer. The risk to the seller of being done in the eye, would be so great under these conditions that it would be bound to make him think a good many more times than twice before he sold for meat. The penalty for a false declaration as to the purpose for which he sold might be made appropriately severe.



A SHOOT AT DOCHFUR, INVERNESS

A group taken in the far north where it is often warmer and better than in the south, and at the moment no place could be worse than the latter. The names, left to right, are: The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Major the Hon. Alastair Fraser, Captain the Hon. Arthur Baillie, a son of Lady Burton, Lady Burton, Colonel J. E. B. Baillie, Lieut.-Colonel O. S. Lloyd, Captain Burton Mackenzie, Lady Sybil Fraser, and Mr. Peter Laycock, who is a brother-in-law of the Hon. Arthur Baillie

THE LIGHTNING Zipp FASTENER

ZIPP - it's open
ZIPP - it's closed



Everywhere today you see the LIGHTNING Zipp FASTENER

IN every winter resort to-day you see sports clothing fitted with the Lightning Zipp Fastener.

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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



MISS EILEEN BENNETT (MRS. FERNELEY WHITTINGSTALL)

The latest picture of the famous lawn-tennis star, who, like most of the other cracks, will be soon on the way south to play in the various Riviera tournaments. Mr. Ferneley Whittingstall is a very good artist

see?" the girl chided tenderly, "He has just asked her to marry him and she has consented. It's lovely! What does the artist call the picture?"

The young man leaned nearer.

"I see!" he cried. "It's printed on this card here: 'Sold!'"

The teacher was interested in the announcement by a little girl pupil that she had a new baby brother.

"And what is the baby's name?" the teacher asked.

"Aaron," was the reply.

A few days later the teacher inquired after Aaron, but the little girl regarded her in perplexity.

"Aaron?" she repeated.

"Your baby brother," the teacher prompted.

Understanding dawned upon the child's face.

"Oh, Aaron!" she exclaimed. "That was a mistake. It's Moses. He's very well, thank you. Pa an' Ma, they found we had an Aaron."

At one matinée a little man called at the theatre, bought two tickets, and proceeded to enter, followed by his wife and eleven children.

"Here!" shouted the door-keeper, "where's the other tickets?"

"Whit ither tickets?" asked the man.

"Why—for this crowd."

The man with the family answered angrily, "Did ye no advertize children under twelve wi' parents admitted free?"

"We did," retorted the doorkeeper, "but these are not under twelve."

"Count them, then, an' ye'll be findin' there's jist eleven o' them—we left the ither at hame!"

Dame Laura Knight, the well-known artist whose pictures have so often featured in this paper, tells an amusing story concerning a courting couple at a London picture gallery who halted instinctively before a canvas on which was depicted a young man and a maiden clinging together in an attitude of love.

"Oh, how sweet!" she breathed.

"Yee-s," he agreed, but without any great show of enthusiasm, "I wonder what it means though?"

"Oh, Charlie, don't you

For several hours the lonely passenger had been waiting on a branch line station for the day's one train. When at last it steamed in he saw that it consisted of an engine and two saloon coaches, both very dilapidated. Choosing the less soiled one of the two he got in.

After a further long delay the train started. It had no sooner done so than an aged ticket-collector entered the coach. He glanced at the single passenger's ticket. "Extra 'arf-crown to pay," he announced.

"Why?"

"This is a first-class carriage," said the collector, "one o' them windows at t'other end opens."

A woman entered a bus and espied a friend with a little boy. A greeting was exchanged between the women, and then the new-comer said, "Why, Bobby, how grown-up you are! But still you are not too old to kiss, are you?"

"No," said Bobby, with conviction, "but you are?"

"How silly of you!" said the wife. "fancy being superstitious after all these years. Why, do you remember the first time we met? We walked under a ladder and you said you were sure something horrible would happen to you."

"Well?" said he quietly.

The two golfers started on their round just after a very good lunch. On the first green a large dog lay between the ball of one of the players and the hole. Without any hesitation the man putted straight for it.

"Great Scott," exclaimed his opponent, "didn't you see the dog?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but I didn't think it was a real one!"



MISS NANCY CARROLL

Who has recently consolidated her already well-won position on the movies by a very good performance in "The Devil's Holiday." She started her professional career on the regular stage at the Winter Garden Theatre in New York, but the films eventually claimed her, and she went to Hollywood in 1925



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PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.

Comic Business.

WE are now (or so I judge from a recent experience) nicely in the "starting trouble" season, the principal cause of the difficulty being, as a rule, that we will persist in neglecting that long-suffering thing, the battery. Thus, what was a few weeks ago a merry "wum-wum-wum" 'o mornings is now apt to degenerate into a sullen "grr—grr—g-r-r-h." And then, of course, out has to come the abominable starting handle, to the use of which I object, largely because the modern engine is such a deuced hard thing to swing. Personally I am not much troubled in this direction, although I note that there are still plenty of car makers who recommend that before applying the starter one should grind the motor round for a few minutes by hand; an example, if ever there was one, of keeping dogs and doing the



IN BOMBAY: H.E. SIR PHILIP CHETWODE AND LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM HENEKER

Sir Philip Chetwode has succeeded F.M. Sir William Birdwood as Commander-in-Chief in India, and was met at Bombay by the G.O.C.-in-C. the Southern Command, Lieut.-General Sir William Heneker. The headquarters of the command are at Poona

barking oneself, for at about this time of year I take the precaution of getting the accumulators filled up with all the juice they will hold. And on very cold mornings (there is no heat in my garage) I am not above having the radiator emptied and then filled up with hot water. But you can't even do that with all cars, for on some, for an inscrutable reason, the drain tap or plug is so extremely awkward and messy to get at that one simply consigns it to perdition, and just lets the poor little starter carry on with the job of unsticking congealed oil and getting rather heavy spirit to vaporize. Now, t'other morning—it was bitter, I will admit—one of my cars was naughty enough to refuse to start—quite an unheard-of bit of misbehaviour. I will not recount the story of my baffled efforts nor rehearse my profanity. Suffice it to say that some little time (I was naturally in a most terrific hurry) was wasted in demonstrating that nothing whatever was wrong. As to the ignition I was satisfied with this after getting one helluva shock from each plug terminal. However, something had to be done, and the requisite spanner being to hand I attacked the plugs. The first little darling I took out had a tear on her delicate eyelashes; I mean to say she had a spot of water on her points. And the second was in exactly the same condition, and the third, and the whole weeping tribe of them. No wonder I couldn't conjure a shot out of the engine. It was the work of but a few moments to wipe and replace them, and then all was excellently well. But the curious thing is that in more than two years of impeccable service these plugs have never gone wrong either in this particular way or in any other. They may often have had wet electrodes (I don't know, for I practically never unscrew them), but that, at all events, has never prevented them functioning. So I want to know now why they should go wrong on this one

particular occasion. Since that misdemeanour there have been numerous cold, and indeed, colder mornings—yet the plugs have been brisk in action. So I give it up, content to ascribe the irritating phenomenon to "the cussedness of inanimate" things which even the latter-day engineer does not seem able quite to eliminate from his creations. And that reminds me of another curious little happening. Several of us were joy-riding with a friend who, when we pulled up for lunch, closed all the windows of the saloon and carefully locked the door. When we came out (it was a very modest lunch) the key refused to answer. It was the right key, mind you. We all took it in turns to have a go at the thing, and we all signally failed. And let me tell you there was no doubt about the door being locked. I suppose we had wasted about a quarter-of-an-hour in canvassing possible solutions of a pretty little problem when someone just turned the key—and it worked. This pal o' mine swears by all he holds holy that it had never failed before, and it has never shown the smallest sign of failing since. To this day he has never been able to find out what was amiss.

* * *

Suicide Club.

SINCE, with advancing years, I have lost a little of my abandon upon the highway and tell myself I am now quite the little gentleman (you should hear Mrs. P. V. and the girls twitting me because I let so many cars come past!) I do not share the views of those who predict that the mobile police force will be anything but an unmixed blessing. It strikes me that that dismal outlook springs from a guilty conscience. Fervently hoping (touch wood) that the mounted blues will never cop me, I look forward to their doing nothing but useful work and contributing not a little to our greater liberty. And there is one little job that I trust they will attend to as soon as they get fairly going. That is to tick off the legions of push-cyclists who just simply won't fix a



LADY CHETWODE AND MISS CHETWODE

The wife and daughter of the new Commander-in-Chief in India, General Sir Philip Chetwode, Bart., the second cavalry soldier in succession to be appointed to the supreme command in that country. Sir Philip Chetwode is a 19th Hussar. Lady Chetwode is the daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Richard Stapleton-Cotton

six-penny-halfpenny reflex lens on their back mudguard so that it will work with reasonable effectiveness. The other night, when I had a few miles of fog-crawling to do, I as near as dammit bagged a brace (mixed), and if my noble Armstrong-Siddeley Twenty had not been excellently braked I must have done them some damage. I was driving with the near-side headlamp dipped and swivelled so that whilst I had not a great deal of light dead ahead I had what there was where I reckoned I wanted it. Now these cyclists must have been able to see by the glare that something was coming up behind them, but yet they kept yards away from the edge of the road. And they had no reflectors. The result was that to my peering vision they suddenly come from nowhere slap-bang in front of my dumb-irons.

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



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RUGBY RAMBLINGS

TIME flies, as somebody once said, and here we are half-way through the season. The 'Varsity match is over, and so are two of the trials, and most Rugby followers are engaged in the pleasant if not very profitable pastime of team-building. The selectors have to a certain extent shown their hand, and it looks as if England were to have a team quite up to the average if in no way sensational. A sound and consistent side is what we may expect, and if all goes well against Wales on January 17 England should win the championship.

That "if" is put in because Wales ought to be our most dangerous opponents this season. They should have been so for the last few years, but the Welsh selectors ruled otherwise. This time there are signs that the Principality will put something like their best team in the field, one strong enough to test England to the utmost, even on the sacred sward of Twickenham. True, the red jerseys have never yet triumphed at headquarters, but their time must come some day.

Generally speaking this is not a good year for Rugby. Apart from Bristol and one or two other clubs, the standard is by no means high, and outstanding personalities are scarce indeed. We look in vain for a Poulton, a Davies, a Kershaw, or a Myers. There is no Lowe to flash down the right wing to finish up by taking a pass and scoring on the left, as the immortal Kid once did at Leicester against Ireland. Everything and everybody seems stereotyped, no one seems to do anything unorthodox, and after all it is unorthodoxy that wins matches.

First-class Rugby, or shall we say games of the highest importance, have become a sort of stale-mate; neither side seems to score except by accident. "What about the first Trial?" may be asked. Well, that can hardly be called a match of the first importance, can it? When one side scores more than forty points it is pretty obvious that there may have been a game, but certainly no match!

Remember the England v. Scotland match last March, and the 'Varsity match of a week or two ago. The players are all so keen and so orthodox that they cancel each other out. Cambridge did score one try, it is true, thanks to an inspiration on the part of C. C. Tanner, who performed

the unexpected by throwing the ball from the left corner into the middle and so caught the Oxford defence, if not napping, at any rate on the wrong foot. Otherwise a score never looked really imminent; neither set of defenders was actually defeated.

Pæans of praise were lavished on the two teams after the match, and of course there is no doubt that the game was splendidly contested in the true 'Varsity spirit, quarter being neither given nor expected. Both sides were in excellent condition, and the tackling was hard and decisive. No one spared himself, and all fought to the bitter end, which came, by the way, a minute or two too soon. But all that is expected in a 'Varsity match; it is seldom indeed that anything else is seen.

The draw was a fair enough result on the run of the play, though as a matter of fact the Light Blues were desperately unlucky not to win, since they obtained

the only try of the day. As a partisan of the opposite camp, I am rather proud of this piece of impartiality, though naturally satisfied with the draw. W. E. Henley's shot at goal was a glorious effort, well worth the three points it gained, but alas, he ought not to have had the chance.

Mr. R. W. Jeffares, the Irish referee, could never have penalized Smeddle if he had seen what happened. The Cambridge wing pushed the ball away from him as he lay on the ground, and then immediately he fell. It was all he could do; he had no chance of doing anything else with several Oxford forwards on top of him. No wonder the Cambridge man looked annoyed when he found what had happened; one Tuscan at any rate felt the deepest sympathy with him.

C. H. Williams has come in for a good deal of censure over his failure even to attempt a kick at goal after Tallent's try. But he had every right to expect the referee to whistle "No charge," for there is no doubt that the Oxford men did charge before the ball was down. They knew it themselves, or why did they stop their rush, and only proceed when they realized that there was to be no whistle? Mr. Jeffares cannot be held blameless in this matter, which is a mild way of putting it when compared with some of the Cambridge criticisms after the game was over.

The best forward on the ground, to my mind, was P. D. Howard, who was wonderfully effective in the line-out. Very little behind him was his captain, S. J. Hofmeyr, who always puzzles the cognoscenti by his prowess as a hooker and his presence in the van of every rush.—"LINE-OUT."



THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY XV

R. S. Crisp

Some people believed that Oxford were a bit unlucky not to win the 'Varsity match, and certainly had that penalty eventuated this might have happened. It was a great fight, anyway. The names in this group are: Back row—P. C. Minns, P. C. Alexander, D. H. Swayne, P. D. Howard, E. R. McGibbon, C. F. Cardale, and G. V. Shillito. Seated—W. A. H. Druitt, W. Roberts, S. J. Hofmeyr (captain), A. G. Cridlan, W. E. Henley. In front—K. N. Lampert, G. V. Jenkins, and H. Rees



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A. McLAREN (Durham City)
Wing-forward in the Durham Co. XV; a caricature done during the match at Darlington v. Lancashire

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Miss Tynte with Mrs. Hall, Irish Champion of 1929. As well as playing golf Miss Tynte goes in for sheep-farming and won at this year's Ulster show

EVE at GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

sideration for your pocket, but also from the point of view of the small boy's golfing salvation. Professionals nearly all started life hitting an old ball about with one rusty iron club; if you are really hopelessly hard up, you might do worse than just give him an iron, merely lending him your putter to hole out with. Pros. are admittedly bad putters, and I have a firm belief that this is the result of their having putted with nothing but an iron as small boys. The club having loft on it, they naturally had to shut the face to putt with it, which meant they knuckled their right hand over, and quite possibly swayed forward. They never really lose the habit. So be sure the nephew has a putter as well as an iron. If you are feeling frightfully generous, let there be a brassie as well, and a mashie. But no more. Most people use far too many clubs. I had a letter the other day from Miss Enid Wilson and she told me that just now she is playing with four clubs only—brassie, iron, mashie and putter—"and find them ample."

It's difficult to find good golf going on just now, but as you are in the home counties there might be an Alliance competition on somewhere, and if so, take him



Scotland calling: Miss Nan Baird and Mrs. Andrew Holm obviously in the best of spirits. Mrs. Holm, a member of Elie and Earlsferry, is the Scottish Champion

CHRISTMAS Eve! I was just beginning to wonder if anybody wanted particularly to read or think about golf on Christmas

Eve when the telephone bell went. "My dear," said a wearied voice, "I've coped with presents and arrangements for the dance till I can hardly see, and now what do you think's happened. A ten-year-old nephew, whom I've never seen, mind you, is being dumped on me for the holidays, and all I've been told is, 'for heaven's sake make a golfer of him.' Do give me your advice."

What I said down the telephone is no matter; I had been rung up in the very middle of my pet trio broadcasting my best beloved classic, and was inclined to be short with the distraught friend. But I promised to set down a few sapient thoughts on paper for her. Whether they are sapient or no is not for me to decide; when it gets near Christmas one's judgment is apt to become a trifle clouded. But perhaps there are other aunts equally distraught who might be glad of a few suggestions, so here is what I wrote.

"You don't tell me (cross editors always say this to their correspondents) whether the boy has ever played golf at all before, which makes it all a little difficult. However, let's take it that he hasn't; if he has you can skip the first part and begin further on. If his father is so keen for him to learn, presumably there is golf in the family, and he may come with a cast-off club or two. If not, I fear me, m'dear, that your first aunty duty will be to fit him out with some. For mercy's sake let them be few. I don't say this only out of con-



Miss Doris Park and Miss C. Purvis-Russell-Montgomery are two more notable players from the North and great friends as well



Mrs. Walter Payne, who has just retired from the captaincy of Middlesex, with Miss Dorothy Pearson who contributes to Kent's success

to watch the best stylist amongst the pros. who are playing. Don't bore him; a couple of hours will probably be quite long enough, and don't go pointing out the things he should notice and copy, or you'll just make him think you are preaching. Small boys (girls too for that matter) are awfully imitative, and will reproduce what they see without being told how or why. It's a grand way of learning. Then as soon as possible, that very afternoon if you can manage it, let him play himself, and if you can, let him play a match against you. Never mind how much you have to give him, make a match of it, rather than just letting him knock a ball about, either

under your eye or away from it. You want to make him keen to beat somebody. Once he has tasted blood, so to speak, it won't be long before he's a golfer.

Make the odds sufficient, and then play up to beat him. I've no patience with grown-ups who let children beat them, whether its golf or ludo, I mean after the child is say six years old, perhaps even earlier. It seems to me really cruel on the child to deceive it; games as well as life are sure to be full of hard knocks later on, and it's best to get used to them early. Incidentally, the younger you learn to take a beating like a sportsman, the better time of it you will have. I well remember weeping with rage and disgust at the age of about four when beaten at "My Bird Sings," or some such entrancing game, but I do not remember that anybody in consequence allowed me to win, so that I had learnt to swallow defeat cheerfully long before I had to do so in public.

Don't give the poor wretch too much advice, or lessons from the pro, unless he begs for them. Let him just play matches with you or anybody else. If the "anybody" is another boy his own size, and therefore liable to punch his head at intervals, so much the better. Don't try and make him learn the whole book of rules, but just impress on him that he mayn't do anything to improve the lie of his ball, that in a hazard he mayn't ground the club nor pick up anything, and that he must keep count of how many shots he's had. That ought to be a good enough code for anybody, don't you think, and it's certainly enough to start your ten-year-old on the road to becoming a golfer.

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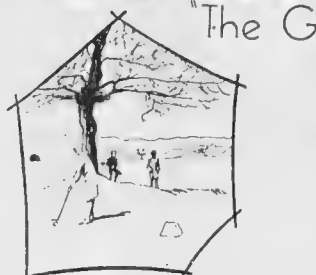
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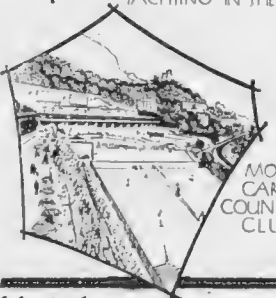
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From the Shires and Provinces

(continued from p. 564)

Swinbrook Modelle considerably en-Hanced her appearance by sporting a topper in combination with light cord breeches, which is presumably the latest fashion for the seat of learning. Wednesday at Farmington we were stopped by frost. On Friday



MISS DE TRAFFORD AND MISS ANNE TUNNICLIFFE

A Fernie snapshot at Foxton last week. The Peke looks deeply suspicious of the nice-looking member of the Fernie lady pack

guns, but the effort of being bright by night was too much for the Moon next day.

From Warwickshire

A fine woodland day from Goldicote; hounds accounting for a leash.

On Tuesday the landscape was white, and that utterly offensive condition of affairs sometimes known as "seasonable weather" looked as if it had come about with a vengeance. But rain fell, and with water, water everywhere, hounds met at Deppers Bridge on Thursday. We admire the two brave ladies for facing the elements in their new top-hats and black habits sans mackintosh. Scent was utterly absent, and little could be done with the Ladbroke or Stoneythorpe foxes.

The postponed Hanwell meet provided real good sport and some real stout foxes which, unlike the field, unflinchingly faced the flooded brook. There was an invasion into Bicester country and a kill at Warmington Hangings, after galloping hard past Shotteswell to Horley Vineyards, before the big circle back began. Then at Mollington the work of our new hound, Gugs, which was rather strongly commented on by the Master, quickly gave the pack their second fox.

Harbages finished, this capital day with another fine gallop and a kill. Here the horrors of the chase were augmented by the risk of being jumped on by our latest visiting lady ride-astride thruster; however, we look to the Wasperton gentleman not to be so "ungallant" as to fall again! And here's wishing one and all a Merry Christmas.

From the York and Ainsty

The Linton foxes weren't at home to the North pack on Monday, December 8, and the same with the South Duffield ones, where the South put in a quiet by-day; incidentally they proceeded gingerly to the meet in the famous (or should we say notorious?) hound-van which turned turtle about a month ago. However, all was well this time.

An attempted "by" at the Kenneils next day had no luck either, but sundry young men and maidens forgot their sorrows in dancing at "The Flats" that night.

Neither pack could hunt on Thursday (11th), though the frost was going fast.

Saturday (13th) saw the Southerners invading the far North, at Dalton and Sessay, but the number of Yorkites who patronized the special train was strictly limited compared with pre-War days, when this was reckoned one of our best bits of country.

From Lincolnshire

None of the county packs turned out on Wednesday, December 10, owing to frost and fog, and it was a case of *dolce far niente*! It was the first stop so far this year! With half the season gone up to Christmas, if we include cubbing, the records show "much attempted; little done." Scent has been execrable and, here and there, foxes hard to find. If history repeats itself we ought to have a good time in the New Year.

The Blankney's Ashby day, December 11, was vile in the extreme and will take a lot of forgetting. Owing to the drenching rain everybody chucked it before one o'clock for a mustard bath! On the day hounds met at Wellington, however, they did extremely well—taking a fox right into Belvoir country and losing within a stone's throw of Sparrow Gorse. There was a lot of grief, and we all sympathized with the grand old veteran whose gee, tossing its head after a peck, tapped him badly in the face. However, he was riding again two days later none the worse. Such a sport ought to live for ever!

The best thing of the week with the Brocklesby was a fast thirty-five minutes from Wootton Hall, but the fox vanished into thin air near Elsham, after making a five-mile point.

From the Fernie

"Gabriel Junks" would probably have forecast rain on the Walton day; anyway, down it came while drawing our first covert. It persisted for several hours, nevertheless a good hunt was enjoyed from Walton Holt over the best of the Monday country. Surface water made deep going, and the take-offs were decidedly risky. Several mud-stained remnants of both sexes were noticed wending their way homewards to hot baths and comfort after the first hunt, which petered out near Peatling. It has been a hard season on kit with almost weekly soakings.

The weather at Billesdon on Thursday defies description. The few out who faced the cutting sleet showers and rain will not forget the experience. Scent was non-existent, and hounds could hardly own to the foxes found. The Marchioness of Bute was amongst our visitors from the Cottesmore end, and Melton sent her quota of all-weather fans, including Lady Warrender, Mrs. Gilbert Greenall, and "Lexie," who was well wrapped up for the storm. Fortunately hounds kept moving and gave the field some grateful darts over the Houghton country, but all were really glad to turn for home when Stoughton was reached in the afternoon.

Hunting the following day was carried through mud and water, although dry overhead. Falls were frequent. A Glooston fox gave us the best hunt of the day, taking a good line through Hallaton Wood to Slawston, and was marked to ground at the railway.



Truman Horvill
LADY LEIGHTON AND LADY JOAN VILLIERS WITH THE S. SHROPSHIRE

Yet another after-a-hunt ball snapshot. The South Shropshire met at Winsley Hall. Lady Leighton is the widow of the late Sir Bryan Leighton, Bart., and mother of the present baronet. Lady Joan Villiers is a sister of the Earl of Jersey

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Holly Leaves

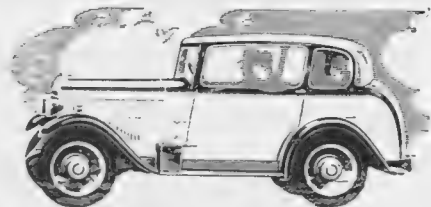
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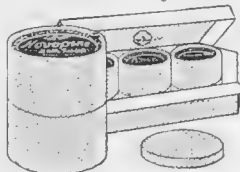


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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



This is the jumper that has borrowed from the blouse many of its characteristics. It is sponsored by Romanes & Paterson, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

A Happy New Year.

Many good resolutions will be made during the ensuing weeks, and that of looking forward cheerfully will be among them; the majority have been far too pessimistic recently. Now no one can really be cheerful unless they are well; depression is a sign that Nature is not working well. Nature is always asking assistance and she has her revenge when her demands are neglected. Nothing placates Nature more quickly than a foam bath in the Zotis Salons, 18, Dover Street, W.; the rooms are restful, the colour schemes being studies in rose, silver and green. As one lies in the luxurious bath the body becomes immersed in foam, which is composed of 90 per cent. oxygen and 10 per cent. water; when the tiny bubbles burst they have a massaging effect on the skin and persuade, or rather insist, that the pores shall give up dirt and other impurities. Furthermore, these baths have a soothing effect on the nervous system, and are of the greatest assistance in conquering rheumatism and kindred ills. A single bath costs 15s., and a course of six £3 15s.

White Hair Gleams Like Silver.

Zotis Foam is also used for shampooing, the hair is washed from the back, while the client reclines comfortably in a chair. The foam is beautifully

warm to the head and the hair dries immediately and becomes very glossy and soft, because the natural oil is preserved. It is no exaggeration to state that white hair gleams like silver. And of course no one must leave these salons until they have had a manicure, the nails become like pearls, the fingers white and the cuticle disappears in the snowy white masses of foam. In the face massage with this foam millions of micro bubbles massage every pore of the skin.

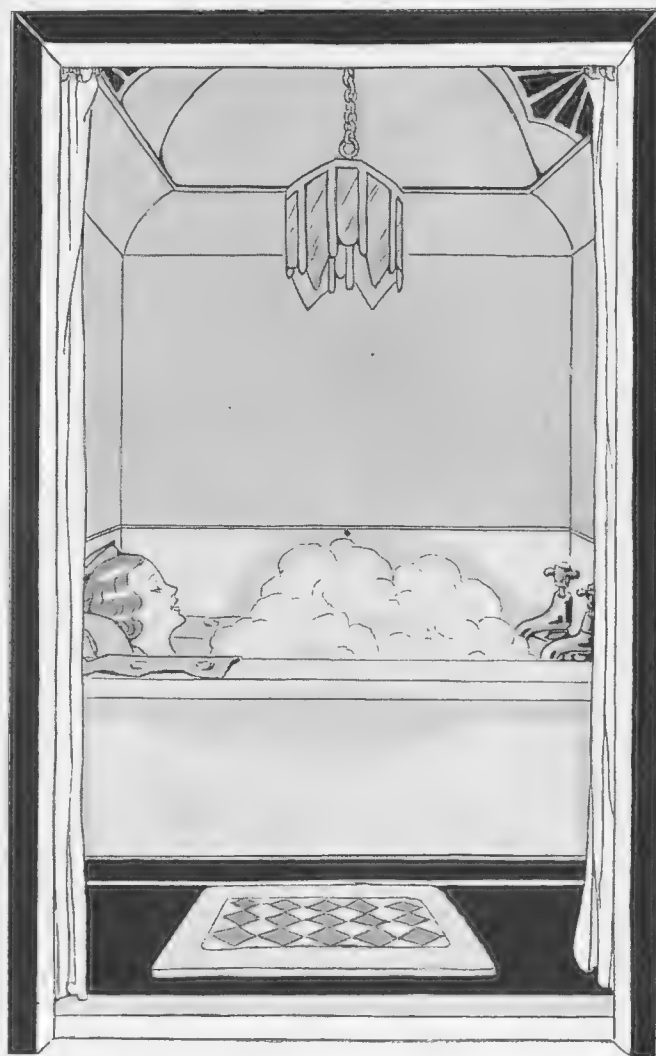
Braemar Knit Wear.

There is no doubt about it that knit wear from north of the Tweed is perfectly delightful. It will be recalled that Romanes and Paterson, 62, Princes Street, Edinburgh, make a feature of the Braemar. To them must be given the credit of the jumper pictured; as will be seen it has borrowed from its rival the blouse some of its characteristics. It is carried out in fine Botany wool in a variety of fashionable colours and is obtainable for 30s., it is smart, light and comfortable. Too much cannot be said in favour of the aero jumper expressed in the same wool, there are three blending colours which are actually woven into the garment giving an inlaid effect, the price is 26s. 9d. One would be sent on approval on receipt of deposit or trade references.

Cushions and Lamps.

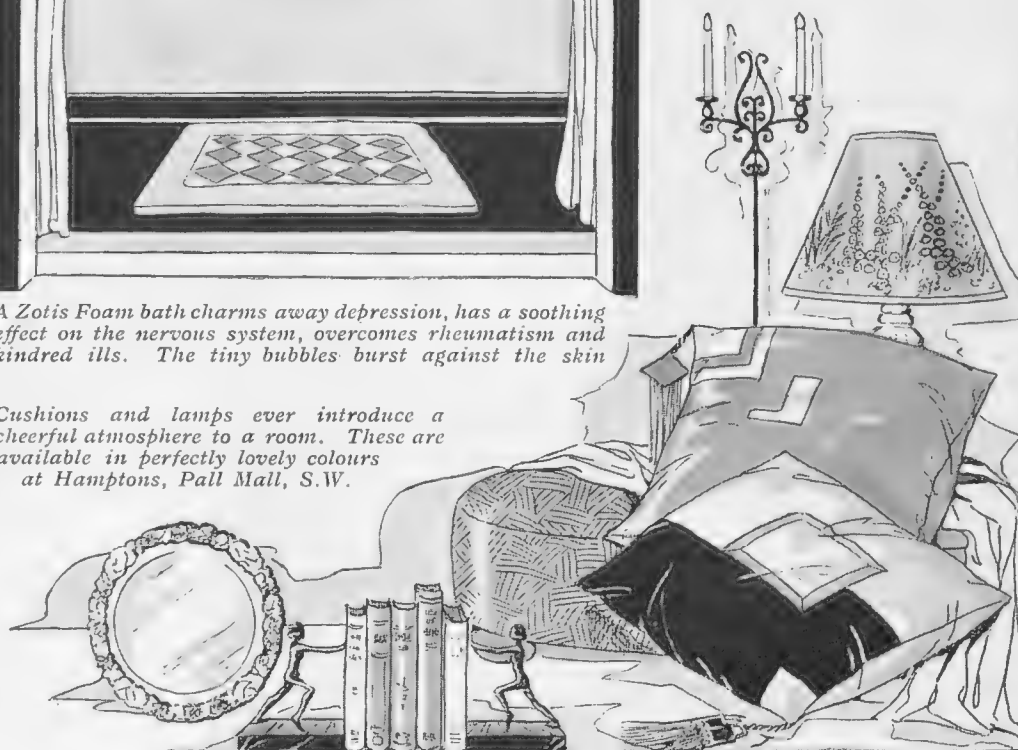
After Christmas the home always assumes a rather depressing atmosphere, it needs something to brighten it up, there is nothing that does this more effectively than some cushions and lamps from Hamptons, Pall Mall, S.W. Those pictured can be supplied in various shades to harmonise with the colour schemes of the rooms. Very useful too are the bronzed book-ends on solid bases, and ever so decorative is the hand-coloured Barbola mirror.

(Continued on p iv.)



A Zotis Foam bath charms away depression, has a soothing effect on the nervous system, overcomes rheumatism and kindred ills. The tiny bubbles burst against the skin

Cushions and lamps ever introduce a cheerful atmosphere to a room. These are available in perfectly lovely colours at Hamptons, Pall Mall, S.W.



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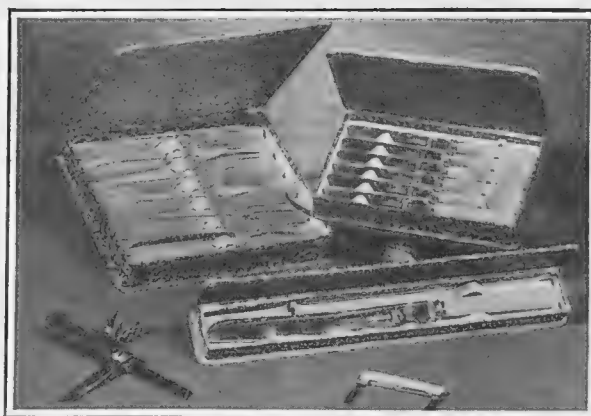
The costs of one year's subscription (including Christmas Number) is:—At Home £3 3s. 0d.; Canada £3 0s. 8d.; Elsewhere Abroad £3 11s. 9d. For six months the cost would be—at Home £1 11s. 6d.; Canada £1 10 4d.; Elsewhere Abroad £1 15s. 10d.; and for three months—at Home 15s. 9d.; Canada 15s. 2d.; Elsewhere Abroad 18s. 0d.

The above terms are inclusive of postage

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Cutlery with Coloured Mottled Handles.

Joseph Rodgers—the famous Sheffield cutlers—have a most interesting display of novel gifts this year including a range of cutlery with daintily coloured mottled handles well in keeping with the new vogue for colour in the home. Illustrated are Rodgers' coloured handle tea-knives, bread knife, and fish eaters. Of stainless steel and lasting edges, and in a range of dainty colours that make an ideal yet inexpensive Christmas gift. They are sold in attractive coloured boxes to match the handles. Penknives made by Rodgers of their own famous stainless steel are an ever-acceptable present to all boys of any age



RODGERS' CUTLERY

With coloured mottled handles

The Latest from Paris.

All who wish to know all about the latest fashions from Paris in hairdressing must visit the Maison Francis, 3, Hanover Square, W. There it is frankly stated that women look with little favour on long hair in the true sense of the word, although the "shingle" is longer than it was last season. The illustration in the centre of this page shows hair that has been permanently waved in these salons; note the perfect contour it imparts to the head, and the becoming arrangement of hair at the back. "Individuality" is the

keynote of all the work carried out here. A fact that the older woman will warmly appreciate is that with the Francis method of permanent waving white hair does not turn yellow, as a matter of fact a guarantee is given to this effect. Surely there could be no more welcome Christmas or New Year gift than a permanent wave. It must not be overlooked that this firm excel in the creation of postiches; they are really indistinguishable from nature's handiwork, and of course every woman will appreciate a bottle of the Francis perfume.

ELIZABETH
ARDEN
BEAUTY BOX

Presented to Her Majesty the Queen of Rumania. It is one of the latest models; and is covered with dark-blue leather, the coat of arms being in silver



A PERMANENTLY WAVED COIFFURE

At the Maison Francis

keynote of all the work carried out here. A fact that the older woman will warmly appreciate is that with the Francis method of permanent waving white hair does not turn yellow, as a matter of fact a guarantee is given to this effect. Surely there could be no more welcome Christmas or New Year gift than a permanent wave. It must not be overlooked that this firm excel in the creation of postiches; they are really indistinguishable from nature's handiwork, and of course every woman will appreciate a bottle of the Francis perfume.

A Capacity For Self-deception.

Dr. Joseph Oldfield in his recent lecture at the Women's Institute at Newbury, Berks, stated that "ugliness and beauty are so much within the control of every individual that for a woman to create a repellent face is a voluntary crime against society." It is certainly a novel point of view, and will give all intelligent women much food for thought, and will rob them of the power of self-deception, as the majority

over-estimate the charm of their looks. It would be well if everyone would use regularly for three months Harriet Hubbard Ayers' Three Cream Treatment; it is safe to predict that after this trial they would continue to do so throughout their lives. These preparations are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to Sefton Dodge, 130, Regent Street, who will gladly send the names and address of the nearest agent.

The Three Creams.

The perfect skin is clean, it is healthy and it is flawless, and in order to own a skin of this character Harriet Hubbard Ayers' Three Creams must be used. There is the Luxuria Cleansing Cream (from 2s.), it persuades the pores to relinquish dust, dirt, and grime; furthermore it enriches and preserves the skin's own oil, causing the constant lubrication which is what really makes the skin soft. Furthermore there is the skin and tissue builder; when massaged in gently, dormant muscles are aroused, circulation assisted, and waste tissues replenished. The good work performed by this cream is greatly increased when used in accordance with the



A REVELATION SUIT-CASE

correct anatomical massage instructions with diagram included with each package. Then there is the beautifying cream. Every skin must have a surface beauty and a clear, radiant undertone and a soft transparency, therefore the aid of the beautifying cream must be sought. No skin, however dull, sallow, and old is beyond the ministrations of it.

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Everyone will admit that a Revelation Suit-case is a veritable joy as it adjusts itself and is always the size that is needed—no matter whether it is required for a week-end, a week, or a month. They are made in Rev, Hide, Vulcanized Fibre, and Revelex. On application, Revelation, 170, Piccadilly, W., will send full details of their other models, of which there are about thirty. Attention must also be drawn to the Revelation Attaché Dressing-case, for as its name implies it plays a double rôle. There is room in the lid pocket for papers; there are just the necessary accessories, and as it expands garments can easily be stowed away in it.



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Mary Grabam
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A Spring Wedding.

Early in April Lieutenant Geoffrey Mainwaring Sladen, R.N., who is the youngest son of Mr. Joseph Sladen, Indian Civil Service (retired), and Mrs. Sladen of 52, Elm Park Road, Chelsea, and Miss Anna Mary Rolt, who is the eldest daughter of Mr. Vivian C. Rolt of Watersfield, Sussex, and Mrs. Rolt of Willow House, Amersham, are being married.

Weddings Abroad.

Mr. George Cyril Griffith Williams, the only son of the Rev. and Mrs. Griffith Williams of Kingham, Oxfordshire, is marrying Miss Mary Frederica (Mollie) McNulty, the only daughter of Canon and Mrs. McNulty of Tysoe, Warwickshire, and the wedding will take place in Singapore Cathedral in January; and Mr. Reeve Denny (Colonial Service), the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Addison Denny of Kingston Hill, is marrying Miss Marion Ryland, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ryland of Surbiton, in Capetown in February.

Next Month.

At the beginning of January, Mr. Alec G. Lindsay of Kenya, is marrying Miss Winifred Ella Wilson in London; Mr. John Marshall and Miss Gwendolen Mary Hodges have fixed January 1 for their wedding at St. James's, Piccadilly; on the 21st, Mr. Edward Gage, Coldstream Guards, and Miss Thalia Millett are being married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Hay Wrightson
MISS MAY MARSDEN

The elder daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. George Marsden of Oxford Terrace, W., who is marrying Mr. Eric Treacy of Shrewsbury House, Portland Place, Liverpool



Lenare
MISS NADINE WILLIAMSON

Who is marrying Mr. R. P. Freeman-Taylor, the Norfolk Regiment, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman-Taylor of Birdsgrove, Bracknell, on January 7, at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens. She is the only child of Mrs. Scarisbrick of Scarisbrick Hall, Lancashire



Elliott & Fry
MISS CELIA WATERHOUSE

Whose engagement to Mr. Cyril Hew Dalrymple Wild was recently announced. She is the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Waterhouse of 35, Beaumont Street, Oxford

Recently Engaged.

Captain Walter Frederick Walton, Royal Artillery, the elder son of Mr. Walter Henry Walton and the late Mrs. Walton of Dunmore, Hove, and Miss Ione Patch, the younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. B. G. Patch of The Old Castle, Belhaven, Dunbar; Mr. Harold C. L. Bergheim of Broadstairs, and Ismailia, Egypt, and Miss Priscilla (Peggy) Davis of West Bromwich, Birmingham; Mr. Noel Lupton Whitworth, the only son of Captain C. W. Whitworth of The Priory, Nun Monkton, York, and Miss Wendy Whitworth, the elder daughter of the late Captain Harry Whitworth of Kilnwick Percy, Pocklington, York; Mr. Robert Barnard Woods, Royal Artillery, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Woods of Childerstone, Liphook, and Miss Cecily Hogg, the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel P. G. H. Hogg, D.S.O., R.E. (retired), and Mrs. Hogg of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich; Mr. Peter Leicester, Geological Survey of India, Rangoon, only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Leicester of Bustard Manor, Martin, Hampshire, and Miss Isobel Ryan, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ryan of Kalaw, Federated Shan States; Mr. Francis Jaime Wormald Holt, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. L. Holt of Cartagena, Spain, and Miss Blanche Eleanor Mary Atwood, the elder daughter of the late Mr. H. Atwood and Mrs. Atwood of Shanklin, I.O.W.; Mr. Robert McLaren Henderson and Miss Stella Walter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Walter of Forest Gate.

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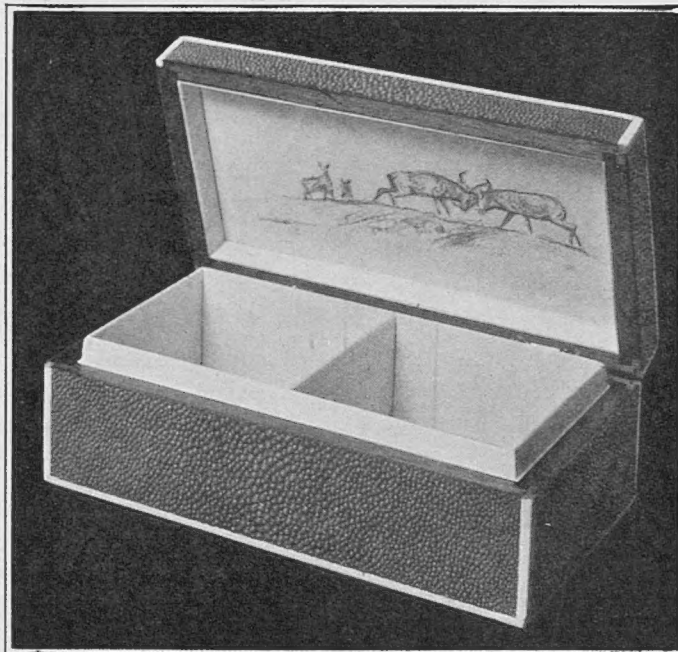
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